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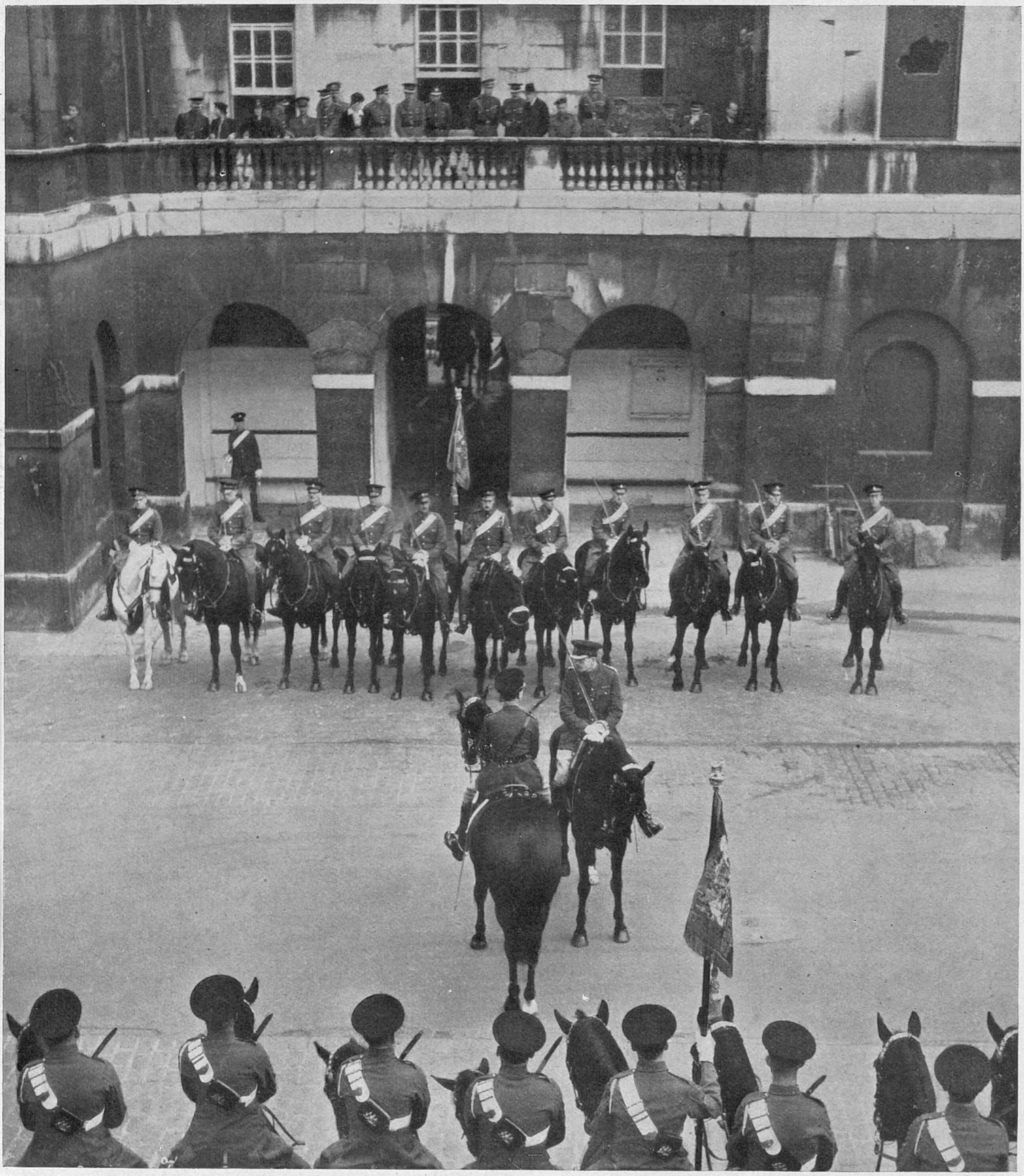

THE RETURN TO PEACETIME PAGEANTRY—THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD IN WHITEHALL AFTER A LAPSE OF SIX YEARS: A general view of the scene on Friday, October 5, when the traditional daily guard was mounted once again

Prior to September 1939, this was one of the sights of London. For the six years of war it has been in abeyance, and the stone boxes which housed the mounted sentries have been empty. On Friday morning of last week, Life Guards and Royal Horse Guards, home from the wars, again rode their black horses across the Horse Guards Parade to mount the traditional daily guard at the Whitehall Gate. The old-time breastplates and sheepskins were absent, the men wearing khaki service dress, but each carried a sword and wore white buckskin cross-belts and red-banded dress-caps. A good crowd had gathered to witness the ceremony, including a number of Guards Officers on the balcony above the courtyard. By 11.15 the first mounted sentries had taken up position in their stone boxes

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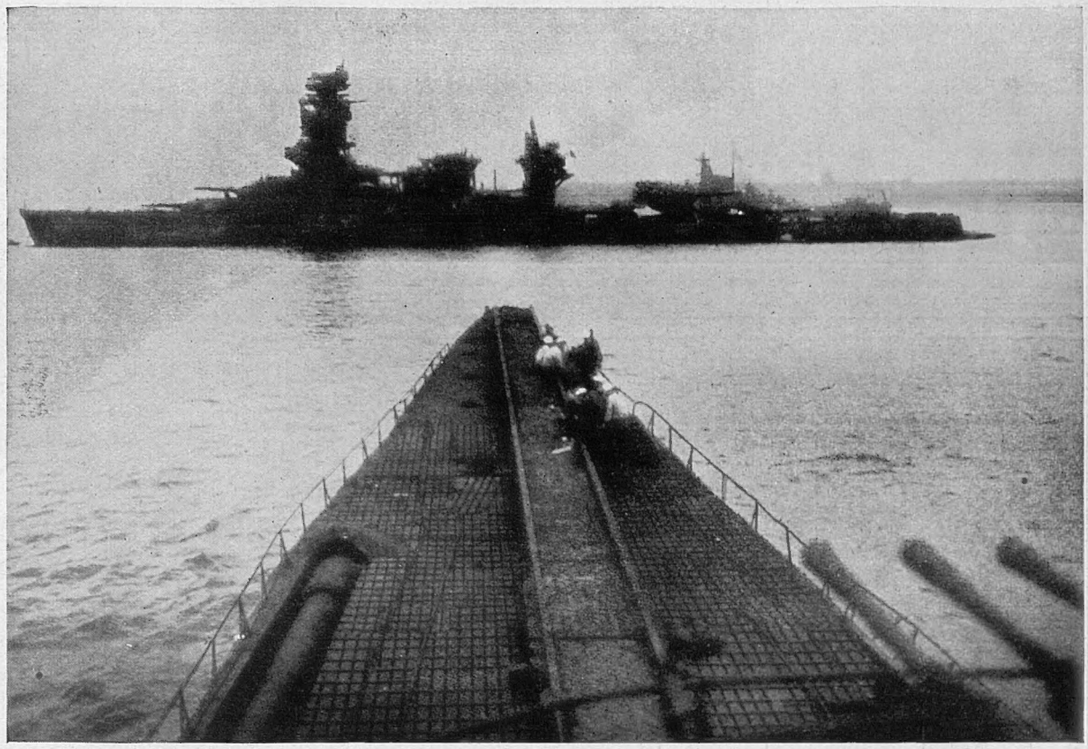
A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

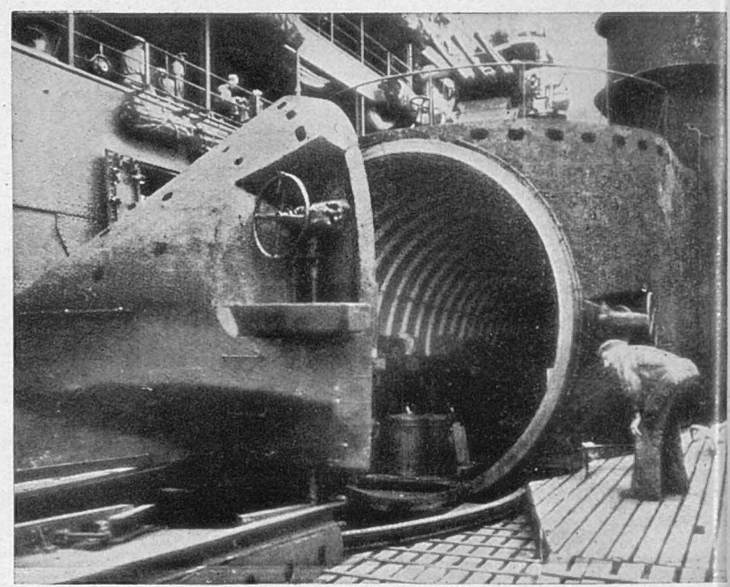
End the Big Three.—I find myself in agreement with Lord Vansittart that the usefulness of the Big Three ended with V-J Day, or earlier; and that this ruling triumvirate has no value in peace-making, but rather is a danger. In war the triumvirate was necessary inasmuch as three dictators were able to save invaluable time, and, the triumvirate being then composed of three really big men, was able to forge policy out of a friendly clash of personalities. In dangerous times expediency demanded from each conciliation, restraint, co-operation and concession. To-day these restraints are removed and the personalities of the present triumvirate of late have revealed no special signs of greatness. The argument is overwhelming that all the nations which *fought* for Victory must have an equal share in making the peace. That principle admits to a Council of eighteen nations: Canada, Australia, New Zealand, S. Africa, Belgium, Holland, Norway, Greece, Poland, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Brazil and India, joining Britain, America, Russia, France and China. The obvious objections are that eighteen voices would waste valuable time, and that Russia would reasonably object to so many English voices. Time is indeed valuable, but no longer invaluable. Better to spend years hacking out a lasting peace than months in devising a temporary patch-up. As for the second objection, you cannot reject a nation with an incontestable claim on account of the language it uses. You might as well reject its claim on the score of climate or religion. The Big Three has made a glaring failure in the first stages of peace-making; it has led us straight back to power politics and nationalism. We know why. We know the chief offenders. Nothing can save us now but the voice of public opinion—liberal opinion—brought to bear on narrow aims and national aspirations. And public opinion and world publicity can only be brought to bear on the views expressed at the Council table by enlarging the delegation of nations to include all those nations of goodwill who bled for freedom in any degree and are not prepared to stand aside and see their sacrifices once more made in vain.

Laval.—The opening day of Laval's trial confirmed the worst apprehensions of those who have views of their own on the problem of war criminals' trials. It is true that we, few of us, allow for the extreme differences existing between British and French Criminal Court procedure. In the latter, the President is entitled to act as a prosecutor with knobs on, and often exercises his rights with taunts and invective, which the Attorney-General in England, prosecuting for the Crown, would never stoop to—let alone the Lord Chief Justice on the Bench! Laval, his own counsel throwing up the sponge, conducted his own defence, if "conduct" is the *mot juste*, with a courage, a wit, a devastating sarcasm and a lightning memory which won him the reluctant respect *even* of the jury. And that "even" underlines the prejudice with which Laval's trial quite inevitably began. When even a bloodstained and self-confessed criminal enters the dock with his guilt assumed by judge, jury and public, the "ends of Justice" are apt to be confused beyond disentanglement. Certainly Laval's opening day underlined the virtues that lie in summary justice (only short of lynch law) for war criminals caught *in flagrante*. In such cases, the chance for justice does not grow by delay, since either prejudice or sometimes unreasoning sympathy grows with deferment of trial. When Laval was ordered out of Court on October 4, the unsuitability of the French Court (and those who composed it) to try such as he is was made manifest.



THE AIRCRAFT CATAPULT ON A GIANT JAPANESE SUBMARINE: The runway extends forward to the bow of this underwater craft, which the Americans took over on Japan's surrender. In the background is the wrecked battleship "Nagato"

On right—**THE TUBE IN WHICH THE PLANES WERE STORED ON THE SUBMARINE: It housed three aircraft; is 400 ft. long and 40 ft. wide. The submarine in which it was installed had a displacement of over 3,000 tons.** *(Both these pictures have just been received in London by Radio)*



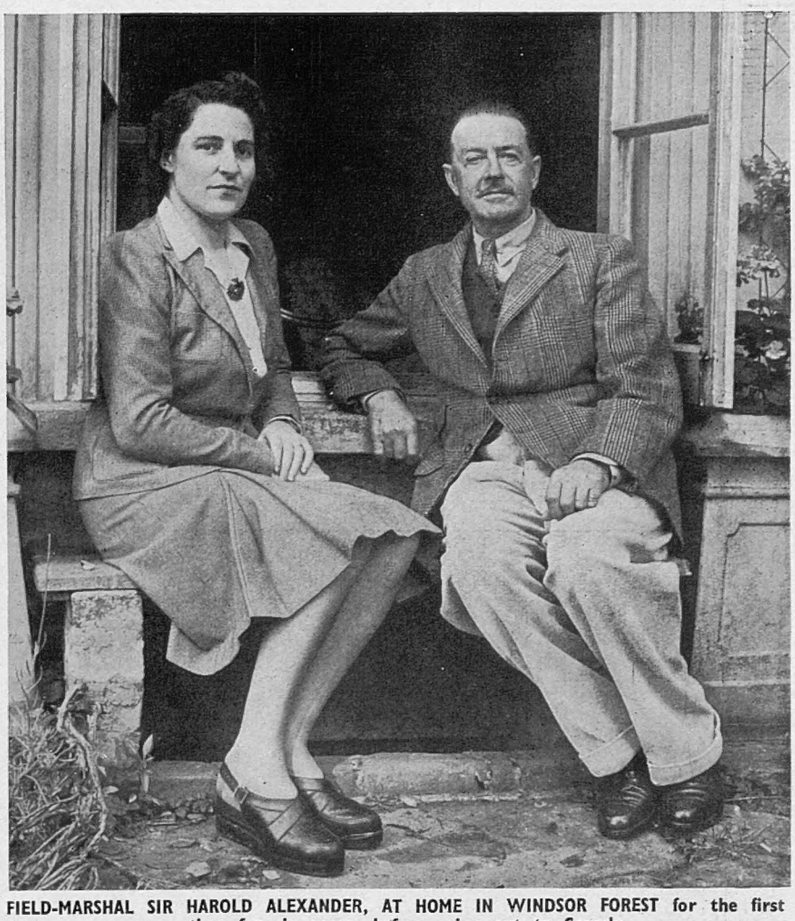
"There 'll Always Be an England."—Whatever bombshells are hurled from Socialist platforms before elections, whatever bombs are being manufactured in hush-hush factories, "there 'll always be an England"—until the last word in bombs-atomic sends her up in smoke. And that England will be as far as possible (whosoever come into political power) on the pattern of 1830. Our structure of society was totally shattered in 1918, and we "stooped to build it up again" as far as possible on the Edwardian pattern—and made a thoroughly shoddy job of it. Our structure of society was totally shattered in 1945, and a completely new structure was promised by the Socialists before they came to power. They have not had much time yet to build their scaffolding; but those who still hanker after the return of the "old days" have grounds for optimism in the few hints and tendencies that may be gathered. Nationalisation of the Bank of England "sounded a death-knell" to "capitalism" only a few weeks ago. But *there* is Lord Catto still smiling and Mr. Dalton relying on his advice on all points. And Stockbrokershire is coming back to its own. All "displaced persons" in the late Government are getting back their multiple-directorship plums and many of the slick financiers of capitalism (1930) are back on the Boards of all the latest Government Committees and Advisory Councils. And "evening dress" is compulsory again in most West End restaurants, and military ceremonial is coming back. Why worry? There 'll always be an England. Russia is a huge note of interrogation. Another world war is not a remote possibility. The atomic bomb may explode again in anger, in our own time. Europe is faced with starvation. Civilisation is a bubbling cauldron, and nationalism directs the Councils of the Great Powers and of the small. Here you find ambitious men sweating to be made baronets or to add a few gilt balls to their coronets. There you observe millions struggling to keep the breath in their bodies. In one country millions of highly-paid workers are on strike for higher pay; in another men would gladly work a 70-hour week at the price of a daily meal. The anomalies and contrasts are not the less shocking and fantastic because they are inevitable—in the melting-pot that follows a world war.

"Schoolboy Pranks."—Would it be too strong to comment that one of our public schools and one of our most important aerodromes in Southern England cry out for better control at the top? From a case heard in the Juvenile Court at Wimborne lately, it was made clear that some public schoolboys for months past had been raiding the aerodrome by night, had actually slept in gliders and bombers, had taken and hidden on the school premises bombs, Sten guns, grenades, pistols and ammunition of several kinds, unscrewing nose-caps and other intricate parts of bombs. The school premises were described as an arsenal of explosives and lethal weapons. The aerodrome authorities admitted that they could not guard the aerodrome; the headmaster admitted that none of the culprits had been expelled. In short, the authorities on both sides appeared to take the incident as something beyond their control or prevention. I confess I have never read anything quite like this in all the coloured literature of schoolboy life, but I begin to comprehend more clearly the old saw that "the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields." The parents of those boys at that public school, wittingly or otherwise, were paying for commando training, with R.A.F. "co-operation," and a grant-in-aid from the taxpayer. And apparently there are no wigs on the green. . . .

Glyndebourne.—Mr. John Christie plans to reopen Glyndebourne Opera House for a summer season in 1946. This is splendid news; a single swallow almost sufficient to make a peacetime English summer. Fritz Busch will not be available to revive the impetus and bring back the charm which he did much to create, but it is believed that Sir Thomas Beecham and other famous conductors will give their services and skill to restore this unique feature in the English field of music. Mr. Christie's problems will be even more complex than in the years-between. Foreign artists, food rationing, petrol restrictions, railway services—all these will create problems to worry him. But he will be more sure than ever of support from his public; and if the stars and the flowers inside and outside his opera-house prove more difficult to display, their rarity will be doubly appreciated. Here 's a promise of a pinch of returning sanity for 1946 Mozart and the moonlight in an English June under the South Downs

THE OLD STAGER

THE DUKE OF WINDSOR RETURNS TO BRITAIN AFTER SIX YEARS' ABSENCE: With his mother, Queen Mary, at Marlborough House. The last time the Duke was in England was in 1940, just before the Fall of France and before his appointment to the Bahamas. But it was even longer than that since he saw his mother, Queen Mary: their last meeting was on December 11, 1936. Now the Duke—just returned to France from the United States—is again in this country, staying at Marlborough House, where this picture was taken the day after his return



FIELD-MARSHAL SIR HAROLD ALEXANDER, AT HOME IN WINDSOR FOREST for the first time for six years—before going out to Canada

After Dunkirk—where he was amongst the last to leave the beaches—Field-Marshal Alexander served on many battlefronts: he went out to Burma, served from Alamein, through North Africa, to Sicily and Italy, and then became Supreme Allied Commander in the Mediterranean. He has been absent from home for six years; but is now staying at his house in Windsor Forest with his wife and children before going out to Canada to take up his new appointment as Governor-General

RETURN AFTER SIX YEARS—The Duke of Windsor and Field-Marshal Alexander

NEMESIS FOR TRAITORS

LAVAL AT HIS TRIAL IN PARIS: A strangely shrunken and defiant man, Pierre Laval—once Premier of France—has been facing his accusers in Paris. He has armed himself with hundreds of documents, to justify his collaboration with the Germans. Stormy scenes have witnessed every stage of his trial, and clashes between judge and jury and the accused have been prolonged and heated. This picture was taken on the first day of his trial

FIRST PICTURE OF MUSSOLINI'S DAUGHTER IN GAOL: This picture of Edda Ciano was taken after she had been taken from Switzerland across the Italian frontier, flown to Rome, and then shipped to the Lipari Islands, where she was confined until the final disposition of her case

THE DUTCH QUISLING AWAITING HIS TRIAL: Anton Mussert, Dutch Nazi "Führer," is now in a Dutch gaol awaiting his war-crime trial. While the Nazis were in occupation, Mussert was Hitler's puppet "ruler." Members of the Dutch Resistance Movement located and arrested Mussert, to whom the responsibility of many murders and acts of cruelty are charged. Here he is being taken out of his cell for exercise in the prison yard

The END of the FIVE-POWER MEETINGS in LONDON

Portrait Studies of the Three Principal Foreign Ministers

AT the end of five weeks of talks and debates at Lancaster House in London, the Council of Foreign Ministers—the "Big Five" of the Allied Governments—brought their meetings to an end on October 2, but without having reached agreement on vital subjects on the agenda: in fact, the meetings have ended in a breakdown, with very little of importance resolved as a result of long labour.

According to M. Molotov, this came about owing to the attitude of the United States and Britain—a view with which neither Mr. Byrnes nor Mr. Bevin, naturally, agree. It is generally thought that a "compromise" (as M. Molotov put it), will have to be found for further meetings, as the vast problems still unresolved *must* ultimately be settled, if peace is to reign throughout Europe.

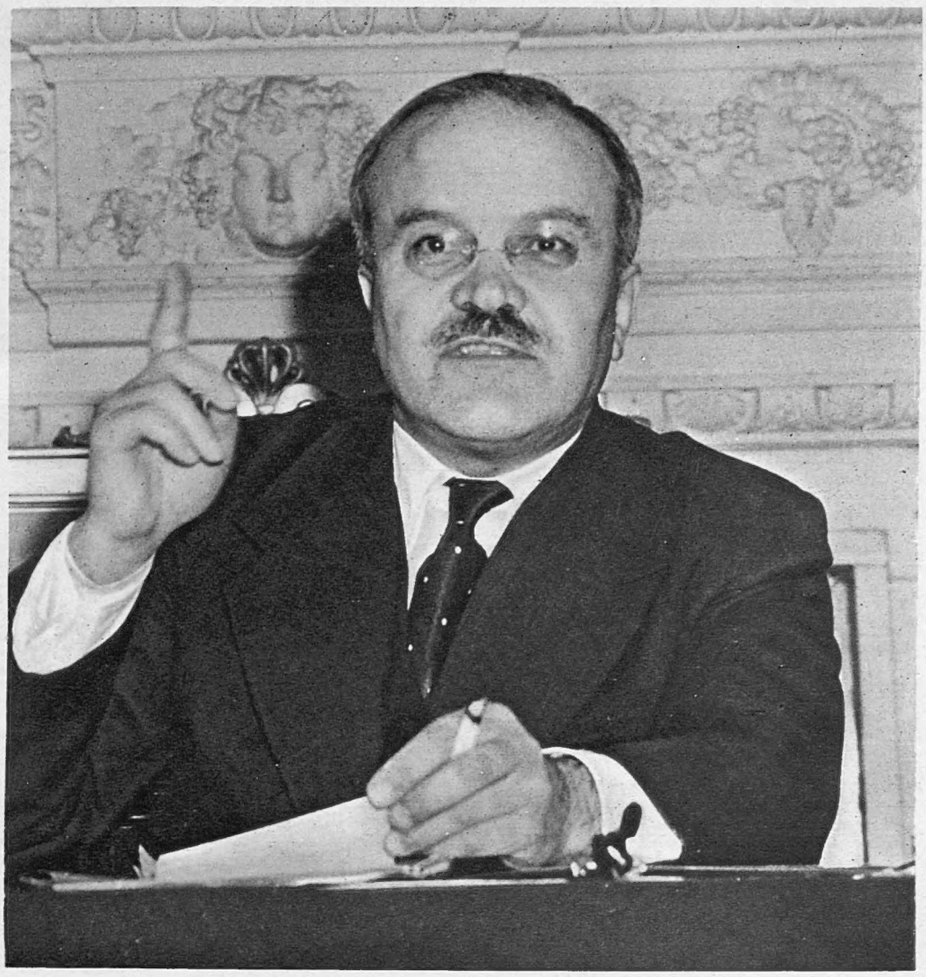
The revealing photographs given on these pages were all taken during the course of the London meetings: they portray the three chief actors in the great political drama just brought to an end.

MR. ERNEST BEVIN, FOREIGN MINISTER, ENTERS LANCASTER HOUSE IN THOUGHTFUL MOOD for the last of the "Big Five" Meetings on the afternoon of October 2: The recent Five-Power Talk was the second of the big Inter-Allied discussions in which the newly-appointed Foreign Minister has taken part: the first was the Potsdam Meeting just after the General Election, which Mr. Bevin attended with Mr. Attlee. After the breakdown the Foreign Minister had a long conversation with the Premier. Various statements have been made by journalists in England and America concerning the attitude towards each other of Mr. Bevin and M. Molotov

MR. JAMES V. BYRNES, AMERICAN SECRETARY OF STATE AND U.S. REPRESENTATIVE ON THE COUNCIL OF FIVE, in a cheerful mood at his Press Conference on the morning following the breakdown: This was held at the U.S. Embassy, before Mr. Byrnes returned to Washington. He then said that the fact that the Council was suspended without completing a protocol must not be construed as ending the work of the Foreign Ministers' Council

THE U.S. SECRETARY OF STATE LEAVES LONDON: Outside the American Embassy on his way to the airfield after his Press Conference on the 3rd Mr. Byrnes seemed to be in the most cheerful mood, thus living up to his nickname of "Harmony Jimmie." He succeeded Mr. Stettinius as President Truman's Foreign Secretary, and he has the reputation of being one of the most successful negotiators in the United States

WITHOUT HIS USUAL SPECTACLES : A close-up study of M. Molotov, Russian Foreign Commissar, during his Press Conference at the Soviet Embassy, when he gave his version of the break-down of the London Conference to a number of journalists

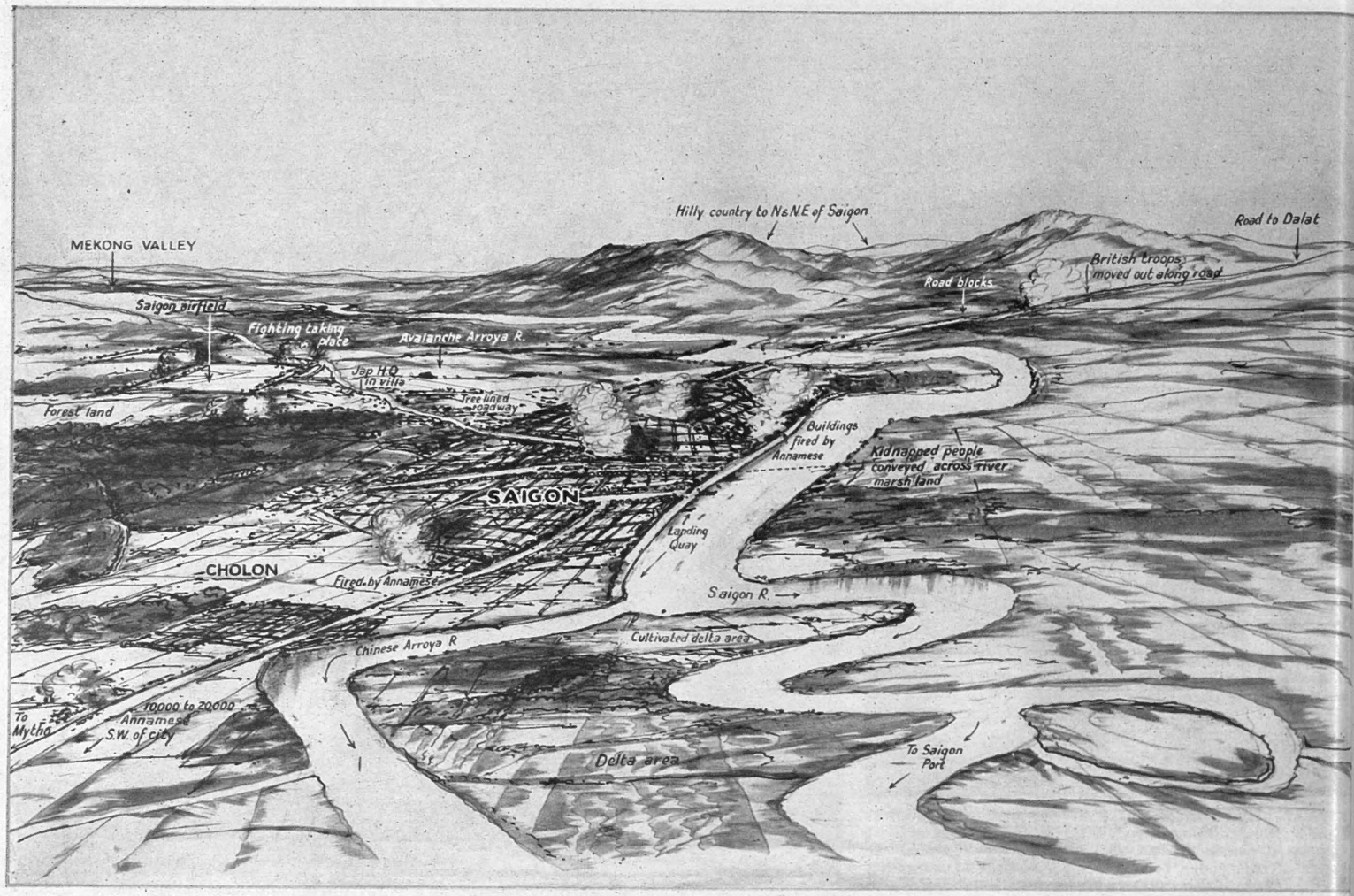


M. MOLOTOV EMPHASISES A POINT DURING HIS TALK TO THE PRESS : He had much to say about his own attitude at the Conference table, which many regarded as the real reason for the breakdown. Note the cigarette in M. Molotov's left hand : he is a confirmed chain-smoker and is rarely seen without a lighted cigarette

M. MOLOTOV EMPHASISES A POINT TO A QUESTIONER : M. Gusev, Soviet Ambassador, is on the right ; M. Molotov's interpreter is on the left. The left-hand picture below shows another moment during the Conference

M. Molotov is fifty-five years of age, the son of a Russian shop assistant in Kazan and nephew of the great Russian composer, Scriabin. He has been in the revolutionary movement since the age of fifteen and has suffered for his activities, being exiled for a period to Vologda and, later, to Siberia. Even during Lenin's lifetime, Molotov was in close touch with Stalin. In 1930 he was made Premier and helped to put through two Five-Year Plans. It was he who signed the Pact with Germany in 1939 ; after the German invasion of Russia in 1941, he became Foreign Commissar, a post which he has held since

THE SOVIET COMMISSAR GOES HOME : Shaking hands with the crew of the aircraft which took him from Croydon to Moscow at the end of the Conference. M. Molotov wears his familiar raincoat and soft hat : the crew wear Russian-style leather jackets and top-boots



THE CAPITAL OF INDO-CHINA IN A STATE OF SIEGE: The city of Saigon, on the Arroyo River, where Annamese insurgents were organised and stimulated by the Japs under Count Terauchi—*Drawing by Percy Home*

The taking over of French Indo-China by British forces, which were aiding the French in the reoccupation of their easternmost "protectorate," appeared at first to be an easy task. The appearance of British and French troops in Saigon, the busy and handsome city of Cochin-China, led to some incidents; but these appeared to die down, and the British forces were preparing to retire from the city to more advanced positions when a fresh burst of activity on the part of the Annamese changed the situation materially. The Annamese forces raided the city and set fire to a number of important buildings and plants, and badly scared the inhabitants. A number of French were kidnapped and conveyed across the Saigon River. Colonel Peter Dewey, on special service at Saigon, was killed by machine-gun fire on a roadway outside the city. Houses held by the insurgents were recaptured after a grenade charge. In a villa on the roadway to the airfield a Jap headquarters with wireless transmitter equipment was discovered; Japanese aid for the insurgents was suspected. The view given here is taken from the south, showing the city of Saigon in the middle distance. It lies some 34 miles from the sea. The town is enclosed by the River Saigon on the east, the Chinese Arroyo on the south, and the Arroyo of the Avalanche on the north; while on the west it extends towards the neighbouring town of Cholon. Double rows of trees give shade in all the streets, the width and uniformity of which, together with the beautiful gardens, make Saigon one of the finest towns of the Far East. The chief public buildings are the Government house, the palace of the Lieutenant-Governor of Cochin-China, the Law Courts, and the cathedral. The commercial port, at the mouth of the Chinese Arroyo, carries on a large rice trade. The Annamese forces were reported to have gathered in strength to the south-west of the city

INDO-CHINA —and CHINA PROPER

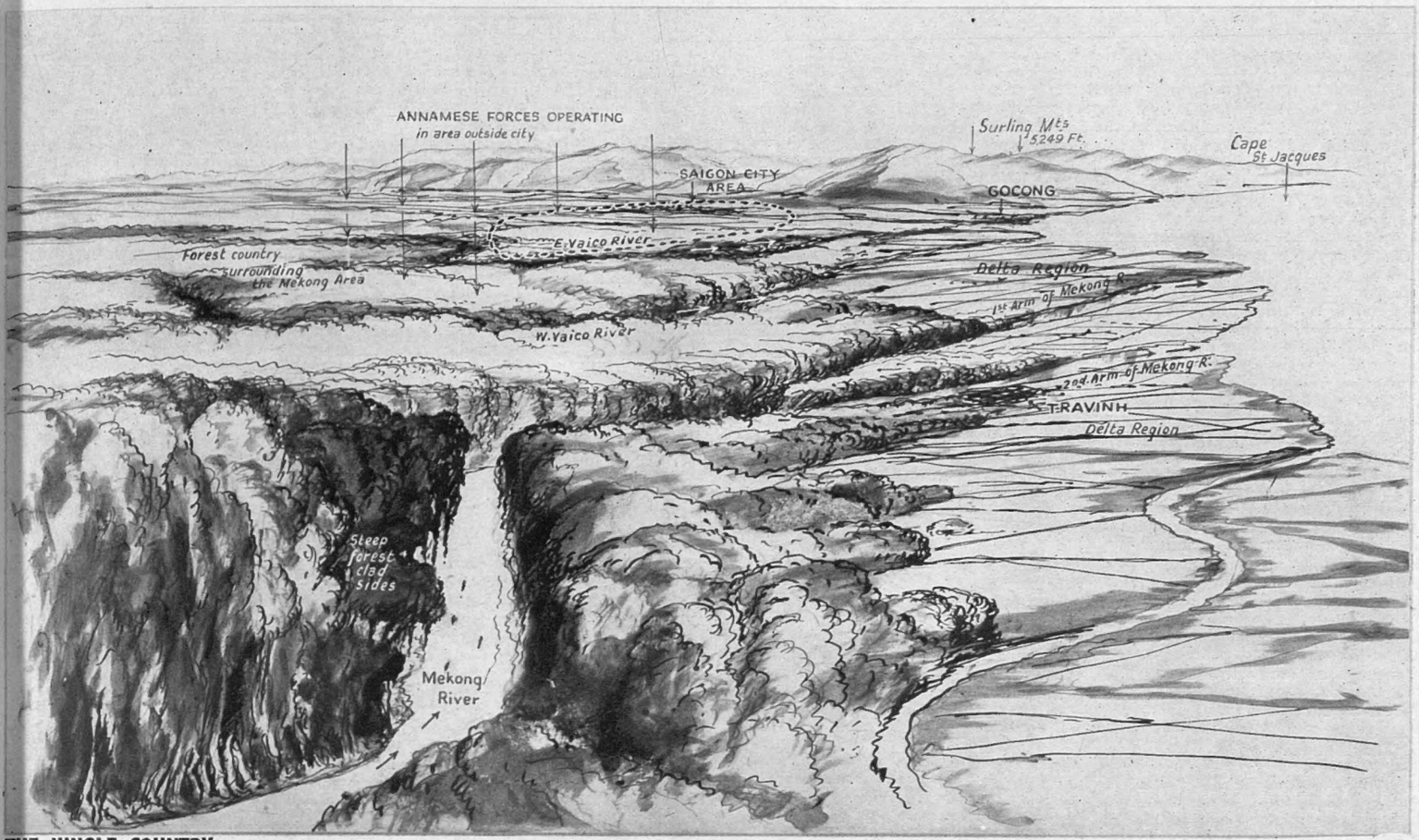
Organised Resistance in Saigon, and the Advance to Peking

—*Special Sphere Drawings*

THE RAVAGING OF THE CHINESE CITIES BY THE JAPS DURING THE COURSE OF THE "CHINESE INCIDENT": This is Kweilin to-day: a city on the Kwei-Kiang River, it maintained a considerable junk traffic with Wuchow. To-day, the walls of the city still stand—but there is nothing inside them. The Japs left a ghost city after their retreat. This picture was taken in one of the outlying sections: everything that could be removed was carried off by the retreating enemy. What was left, they fired or dynamited

On right—

At the period when the collap of Japan appeared imminent, t Chinese field of action was occup by two forces—those of Generali simo Chang Kai-shek, based Chungking; and those of Mao T tung, the Communist leader, ba on Yenan. Both forces be jockeying for position, especially the northern provinces of Hon Shensi, Shansi and Shantung. Wh the actual capitulation of Ja occurred, the two forces w occupying various cities one a the other. The Chungking tro made a swift advance towards Paot in Suiyuan, and there was a ding-d struggle for the picturesque city Taiyuan, in Shansi. The Commu forces had split up in the desire occupy as many places as possi so that their military position becoming very vulnerable; it then that the Soviet agreement w China was announced, a docum which showed clearly that Rus support of Yenan would not be for coming. This turned the scales favour of internal peace, and soon amicable agreement between M Tse-tung and the Generalissimo reached at Chungking. After th the Chungking troops proceeded advance through the various pr vinces, the Japanese being un agreement to surrender only Chungking. Several forces reach the seaports, noticeably at Shangh where Chinese troops continued pour into the city. Others w advancing northwards up the coas railway area through Lunghai. T southern districts around Can were also dealt with



THE JUNGLE COUNTRY TO THE WEST OF SAIGON, where the Annamese insurgents have been operating in the region of the Mekong River: In this area large and small bands of native insurgents have been fighting against the French—*Drawing by Percy Home*

Saigon and certain suburban areas amounting to about 10 square miles were reported to be held by the occupying troops. Outside that area, the Annamese insurgents were cutting roads and prowling through the woods in numbers ranging from 50 to 500. How far they had obtained modern weapons was uncertain. Large numbers were reported to be gathering in the neighbourhood of Mytho. The ground immediately around the capital is cut up by canals, but in the background is the forest country through which the great Mekong River flows. Two big arms flow across the delta country to the sea. Farther inland, the forest and river country takes on tropical features rivalling some of the most difficult areas in New Guinea and the Burmese jungle. Here is a traveller's description of the scene. "On each bank of the great river rise marvellous tangles of untouched forest—giant trees with buttress-roots, treading on one another's toes, standing knee-deep in striving underwood, their branches interlocked, and bound each to each by vine and creeper, shaggy with ferns and mosses, draped with hanging parasitic growths, and set here and there with the delicate stars of orchids. Between these sheer cliffs of vegetation the great river rolls, sullen and persistent, its brown waters sweeping downwards with irresistible force their freight of wallowing tree-trunks, rushing with a fierce hissing sound through the brushwood on either bank, foaming and fighting around the islands which here bespatter the surface of the stream, and squabbling noisily with the rough-hewn sand-stone outcrops which form at this point a broken bar at right-angles to the current." British troops were reported to be advancing some hundred miles along main roads leading to the north-west and the north-east in the direction of Dalat. Road-blocks had been cleared, but the deterioration of the situation immediately around Saigon may have altered these plans

MARCHING TO PEKING: THE ADVANCE OF THE CHUNGKING ARMIES THROUGH THE LIBERATED STATES TO REOCCUPY THE HISTORIC CAPITAL OF CHINA: At one time it looked as if there would be a race between the Communists and the forces under General Chiang Kai-shek, but now the Japanese have been ordered to surrender to the latter—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker* (See *note at left*)

HIGH CONTRASTS in the LOW COUNTRIES

The Stagnant Desolation of Holland Compared with the Speedy Recovery in Neighbouring Belgium

By FERDINAND TUOHY

LET me quote my driver after we had crossed the Belgo-Dutch frontier east of Antwerp: "These Dutch, you know, they 've had it really bad and make the least fuss. I hand it to the Belgians for working and all that, but these Dutch . . ." He emphasised his feelings by accelerating.

My driver was putting in another way what was working in my own mind. He was comparing the Low Countries, the present lot and appearance of each, and finding the contrasts big. I told him of the last time I had crossed at this place, and how, necessarily, I felt things more keenly than he did. If he 'd crossed here before the war, I told him, he 'd have continued to The Hague through the most prosperous and blooming urban and rural scene in all Europe. Everything ridiculously spick and span; the people as clean and healthy-looking as their housing; and motor traffic without end.

I do believe that to think of Holland in those days was first to conjure motors, ahead even of bulbs and polders, windmills and Schnapps. Motors and Moka. The procession of motor vehicles vitiated the air, and everyone drank coffee. Now civilians have the barest trickle of each. Indeed, the bulbs are about the only things that are functioning, being the one leading export the Dutch can currently offer. Even Dutch "bags" are missing from Rotterdam quays, pending a revival of the ports and the freeing of the blocked canals. Polders and windmills, of course, are there, but the former enclose fields still rotten from flooding, and the mills have little to grind.

Their stillness is like a stopped clock, more eloquent than streets empty (save for rickety cycling) as were a procession due, or than the shops with next to nothing to sell. I struck the week of monetary change-over and standstill, which gave the Dutch ten florins to spend during seven days. Yet I was told that the stringency had not reduced public animation to a new "low." That was hardly possible. The currency dry-up had principally caused the Dutch to look twice at their few florins before spending them at cinemas, which draw early-morning queues for want of anything else to be done, and upon newspapers, which circulate so feebly in default of news-print that Black Market prices are not uncommon.

Did you recall the glistening, ordered Hague, so decorative and filled with the good things of life, you 'd have looked long, as I did, at the slow jolting of cycle-rims across the squares of a capital that used to exude the wealth of the Indies; looked hard as barefooted ragamuffins pranced around one outside the Ambassador, bawling ditties exclusive to their conclaves and obviously not pretty. Such a scene would have been "unthinkable," but in a Holland gone shabby and having a minimum with which to occupy itself, attracted no admonitions, police or other.

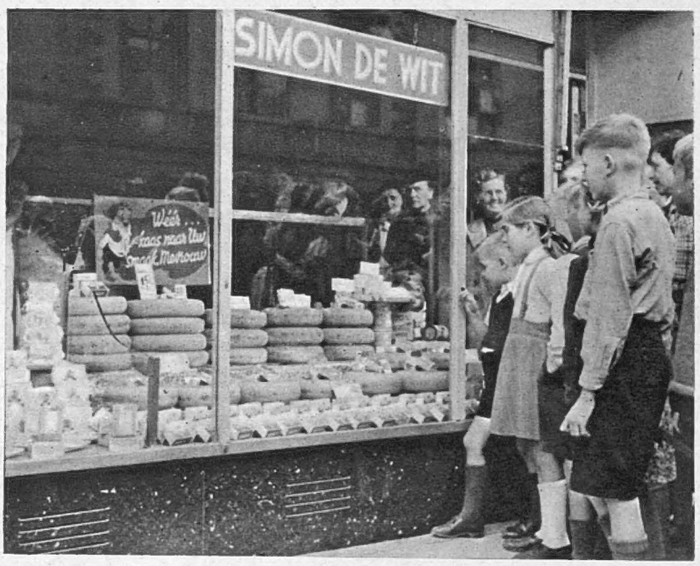
If the Dutch thrived on World War I, they got a bellyful from World War II, and if the damage cannot be shown in battlefield casualties, it is none the less deep for that. Looking beyond the two salient causes of Holland's present plight—the going out of business of Germany, whose use of Dutch ports and shipping brought a prosperity second only to that emanating from the Dutch Empire, now in a state of wreckage—looking beyond these more obvious reasons, Holland took four further major knocks.

The battle stuck fast in Holland from September to April. Had the gliding hand of Montgomery succeeded that September 17 of 1944, well might the Dutch have congratulated themselves on their good fortune. But the splendid conception of Arnhem went otherwise, and immediately brought second havoc in its wake. Besides promoting a battlefield over Holland, and subsequent bombing and falls of V 2, it gave the Germans time to give vent to their despoiling natures, for they had got angry with the Dutch. They had got angry because the Dutch, whom they had tried to woo into the German web, had mostly retorted "*Danke schoen!*", which, in the right intonation, is our "No thanks!"

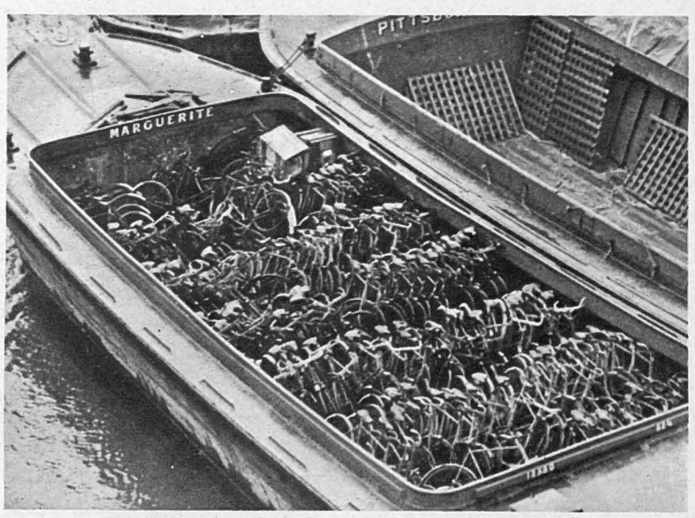
So the Germans made use of the winter to carry off from Holland as much as they could cram into their transport, and what they couldn't take, that was essential to the Dutch, they put out of order, like Rotterdam port. They packed machines and material into trains and lorries and ran the gauntlet; they herded livestock eastward, and they let in the water over areas the size of English counties, thereby provoking a third disaster for the Dutch, due to the nature of the land they live on. Where other countries will be able to start rebuilding as soon as they get the wherewithal, the Dutch must spend years, first regaining, and then drying the soil beneath them. Neither crops nor foundations will be any use until they do.

Fourthly, that *sacré* word "morale"—and I don't mean "sacred," either. The more one sees of peoples who have known the mixture of German "correctness" and ever-present menace to kill, the less does one feel inclined to tread the Blondin way and hold forth on "collaboration." *What would you have done?* There it is, the eternal question. But the legacy left is another matter; this, one may discuss without mounting the frayed steed of self-approval. And, in the case of the Dutch, this legacy is clear. The Dutch had a sturdiness, a frankness, an industry, one had almost said, an unity, that others could envy, and there have been fissures.

The Dutch Nazis are not dead. One thing they do is to manufacture or exaggerate accusations against the troops that freed the country. As for the two or three thousand said to be in the "Hotel Orange" on the way to Scheveningen, including many women, they gain sympathisers outside as the months go by, and for that reason incite the "Truth" movement to enforce purging by means of strikes of a more radical character than a crippled country needing all its experienced minds can well afford. "Truth," by the way, is the label by which the Dutch Communists prefer to go. But there is naught singular in that, since parties of the Right in several lands are likewise juggling with the spots of the leopard, affecting new names.



PLENTY OF CHEESE IN NIJMEGEN—but not so much for the civil population! A display of American cheese which is pre-war in its lavishness, but the civilians must produce a ration card to obtain even a small portion of it. It is seldom, if ever, that such a display as this is to be seen anywhere in Europe



TO HELP TRANSPORT DIFFICULTIES IN HOLLAND—a barge-load of bicycles from England: This picture was taken in the Port of London, where a ship bound for Holland was being loaded. Bicycles are ideal for negotiating the roads which were flooded by the Germans in their retreat westwards, and are still in many places under water

Thus Holland, severely handicapped on the road forward, or back, whichever you care to call it. The last I saw of her showed big trees hacked down on either side of the highway against the day of cutting winter and freeze-still, when warmth will be uppermost in all minds. So I commend how it strikes my driver, whose feelings definitely do not well up for the Germans, the starvers, before fitting succour has been given to their victims—as the Dutch, who happen to be our friends.

Germans in ex-urban parts and peasants swept westward in vagrant mass are in for months of varying misery, suffering and death. Yet Germans, in general, are great dissemblers, while the Western Military Governments can overdo the feeding of them on the easy, blanketing excuse of preventing disorder and disease injurious to the occupation. Much good will survives in Holland, not least for British work at the ports and Canadian harvest help. But, here as elsewhere, victims of Germany are getting a bit tired of "hearts that beat for all alike, in human suffering."

To cross back into Belgium, so long the lesser of these Siamese Twins, is to observe the first Western country that has got going again, just that. So many correspondents find Brussels handy, that I dare say you have read it all: how, meat excepted, food is better than with us and about to get better still, thanks to Ostend re-yielding fish that are said to toss in the sandy waters, as if asking to be taken from a too-crowded sea. How the shops are filling with hardware and software, and shortly will have more of the latter (clothing). How cream cakes and real ice-cream again distend consumers, and greengrocers beam forth health, and hot-house grapes are almost the last survivors of what khaki seeks out and can afford with the £ worth five shillings.

How the railways are operating more traffic than in peacetime, with the military quota steadily descending, how power stations and gas are right on their way back to normal, and the coal-mines yielding four times February's output. How the flat fields of Flanders and Brabant are covered with produce and dotted with cattle, and the towns bustling back to business. Yes, in Belgium one can almost hear the whirr of Verviers' factory wheels, the smack of the pick-axe at Mons, and the clang of milk-cans everywhere (or whatever noise agriculture makes).

And one thing to remember: the Belgians are doing all this themselves. They are not depriving us or anybody else by importing; in fact, soon they 'll want to send us things we can well do with, though how their avalanche of paper money will work out against sterling is not so clear.

The Belgians have had luck and gone cheerfully to work, and that they 've done it amid a crisis round the Throne and to the frequent shooting of other Belgians gives the more credit to a sensible, resilient, industrious little people. They are by no means out of the wood, and are still full of marketeers varying from parasites to criminals. The climate is still unhealthy and feverish. But the patient revives.

Why so soon? Well, unlike Holland's case, the battle did not stick in Belgium. Ostend, Antwerp and Liége are badly knocked about, but the Germans did not get the time-space at the end in which to plunder and wreck. Belgium is whole, compared with Holland. And so is the Belgian Congo, which has hoarded amazingly and entices America to play financial ball with the homeland. Nor was Belgium tied to Germany for half her livelihood.

Again, Belgium had no huge war industry to switch over to peace usage; neither had she a national army to demobilise. Lucky land! A year after liberation, and after finding work for 300,000 returned from Germany, she has only 110,000 unemployed. Neither has Belgium lost her gold, but increased it: America actually owes her money under Lease-Lend. And so the towering change-over that faces us, is here being enacted, and without adventitious aid.

How so soon? Because Belgium can have full use of her ports, Antwerp and Ghent. Because she is so able to provide her own wants in First Things after civilisation has had another bout: food, clothing, building materials, household goods. All these she has put in train, while at the same time ministering to the wants of the liberating armies—here, too, not without profit. Because Belgians, as a whole, found a civic sense and decided that, politics aside, their Van Aacke should be given a full chance as reorganiser for the immediate economic job. Political factions argue that they know a better way. But they always do—from being left out.

ROUNDING THE HORN—MODERN VERSION: Once the bugbear of the sailing-ship, Cape Horn is again in the news owing to the decision not to use the Panama Canal because of the necessity for the conservation of sterling in the immediate post-war period—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

CUTTING OUT THE PANAMA CANAL

Sailing Round Cape Horn Again: The Return of the New *Mauretania*

—Two Special Sphere Drawings

The Ministry of War Transport recently stated that to avoid the use of the Panama Canal, dues for which have to be paid in dollars, instructions have been given for the re-routing of ships from New Zealand and Australia. Under Lease-Lend, British and Dominion ships were not required to pay Panama Canal dues. With the end of Lease-Lend, dues are being demanded. According to the latest published figures, the total of tolls paid in 1940 was £5,286,144. Of this amount Britain paid £1,230,804, a far greater sum than any other country with the exception of the United States, whose amount was £2,134,808. The number of British ships passing through the canal during that year was 1,073. The canal considerably reduces the distances in nautical miles on certain routes. Ships leaving, for instance, Liverpool for Wellington, New Zealand, effect a saving of 1,564 miles by going through it.

Cape Horn, once the bugbear of the sailing-ship, now holds no terror for power-driven vessels. In these waters the prevailing winds are easterly, and where the windjammer, in certain seasons, had to beat back and forth, trying to gain her "westing," the steamship, independent of the vagaries of wind, butts serenely on her way. Cape Horn is the southernmost point of South America, and on the island of Tierra del Fuego. Passenger liners usually use the Straits of Magellan, which saves time, but requires careful seamanship to negotiate

THE CINDERELLA OF THE CUNARDERS: THE NEW "MAURETANIA," which has just returned to England after "trooping" throughout the war, riding out a gale in Lynas Bay, off the coast of Anglesey, on her way to Liverpool—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

The new *Mauretania* was built in 1938: she made her first trip up the Thames a few weeks before the war, when it was estimated that 100,000 people welcomed her. She was the largest ship ever to enter the King George V Dock, and she was intended to run direct from London to New York. By the end of 1939 she was in New York, being stripped of her luxurious fittings and being made ready for war. Since then she has been "trooping" without pause. Such limelight as the Cunarders achieved fell on her sisters—the *Queen Mary* and the *Queen Elizabeth*. Yet the *Mauretania*, less than half their size, but so beautifully proportioned that she looks like a "Queen" in miniature at sea, has carried 335,000 fighting men to all parts of the world. She has steamed farther than the *Queen Elizabeth*, and by the time she got back to England from Australia, beat the 532,000 war miles of the *Queen Mary*.

The *Mauretania* sailed from New York early in 1940. She returned to England a few days ago, berthing at Liverpool after being delayed for twenty-four hours by a great gale which swept the whole of Britain. She had completed a record-breaking round-the-world trip of 28,662 sea miles in 81 days 16 hours, also cutting the Fremantle-Durban 8,000-mile record of 9½ days to 8 days. "We anchored in Lynas Bay, off the Anglesey coast, in the afternoon," said her captain, "but when the wind changed our anchorage became untenable and we steamed towards the Isle of Man, but we did not anchor. We were pretty full, with 4,368 passengers aboard, including 1,062 civilians, but we have had more. We have carried 8,000 American troops from New York to Liverpool in one trip, although the *Mauretania* was originally designed to carry 2,000."

On the Edge of the "STEEL CURTAIN"

Scenes in the Russian Sectors of Austria

With Some New Pictures from Occupied Germany

What is going behind the "st curtain" in Austria a Hungary? The Russia have not made West war correspondents w come in these zon so that a considera amount of speculati is, perhaps, justifi The pictures reproduc on this page set out explain a little—but o a little—of what is taking place within Russian zones in th two countries

A CEREMONIAL PARADE BY THE RED ARMY IN VIENNA: Only on set occasions do the Russian Infantry march in this formation. They adopt a pronounced stride, but one which is not so exaggerated as the famous "goose-step" of the Germans—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

IN HUNGARY, PEASANTS BECOME FARMERS OVERNIGHT, as the result of the nationalisation of land: One of the first jobs undertaken by the new Provisional Government of Hungary (blessed by Soviet Russia) was the breaking-up of the huge estates formerly owned by the landed gentry and the division of the land among the peasants. These peasants became farmers overnight under the new order. Each was given a share of land once owned by the Hungarian nobles. This is one of the first photos. to come out of Hungary since the end of the war in Europe

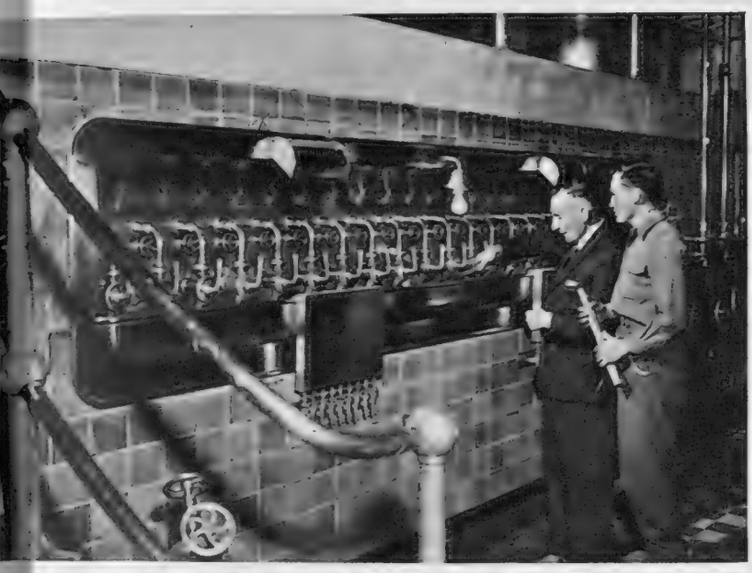
IN AUSTRIA, THE LENDE HOLDS ITS FIRST MEETING SINCE THE YEAR 193 This picture was taken on September 24, when the first meeting of the Austrian Le since 1938 took place in Vienna. The Lende is a meeting of the heads of the var Austrian Provinces, who, on this occasion, conferred to discuss internal matters affec the unhampered passage of civilians between the various occupied zones, and to c sider the possibility of electing a new Chancellor of the Austrian Provisional Gov ment representative of the various Provinces as a whole. The meeting was opened Dr. Karl Renner, the present Chancellor, here seen addressing the meeting

IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA, THE FIRST ARMY CORPS IS HANDED BACK BY THE AMERICANS: On September 26, a big military parade was held in Prague, during which the First Czech Army Corps (which had been fighting with the Americans) was handed over to the Czech Army. The picture shows the exchange of American and Czechoslovak flags during the ceremony, which was attended by Dr. Benes, the Czech President

IN VIENNA, A LANDING-STRIP IS LAID DOWN BY THE BRITISH: A few hun yards from the Schonbrunn Palace, British Headquarters in Vienna, a landing has just been built by the 198th Pioneer Company, on the site of a former child playing field. When completed, this strip will be used as a link between the var British headquarters in Occupied Austria

THE LAST OF THE WEHRMACHT: THE DEMOBILISATION OF THE GERMAN ARMY. Troops in the first stage at the Staaken Camp, near Berlin, waiting to be sorted out into their appropriate districts

AN EFFECTIVE METHOD OF PREVENTING "CHEATING": German soldiers being stamped on the arm with the sign of the Corps area to which they are to be despatched. German troops, on their way home to the west from service in Poland and the eastern provinces, are arriving in Berlin. Here they are taken to a camp at Staaken, near Berlin, where they are sorted out into the British Corps areas nearest to their homes. Each man is checked, searched and stripped of any military equipment. The men are passed through lines marked with the Corps numbers to which they have been assigned, and each man is stamped on the arm with the sign of his Corps area. The men are fed and kept until a sufficient batch (usually about 100) has been collected, when they are despatched to the dispersal camps in their various areas



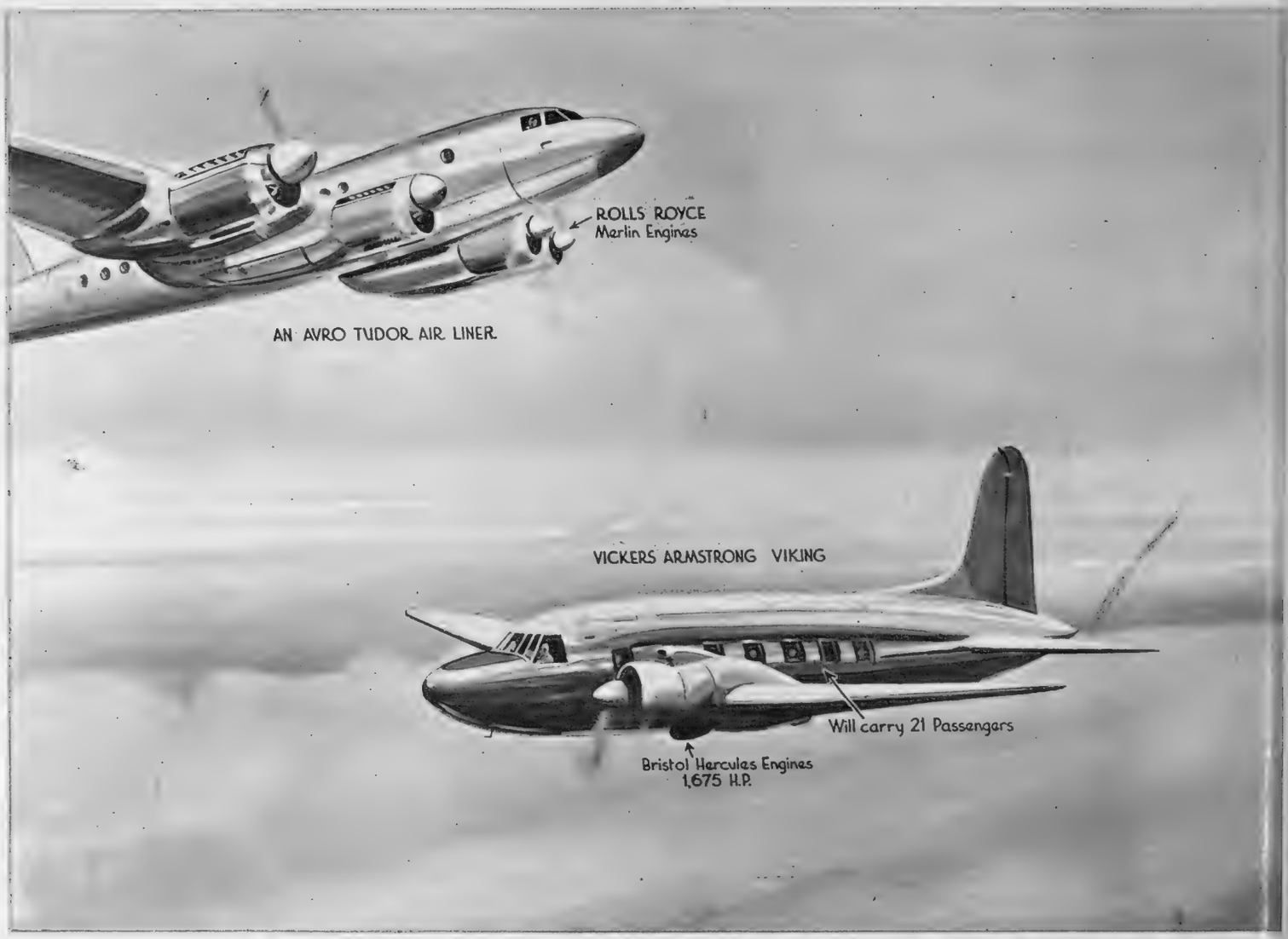
THE AMERICANS TAKE OVER A GERMAN BREWERY: Dr. Schmid, German supervisor, checks some of the brew with one of the Americans, at the row of taps which lead from the huge kettles at the Hasen Brewery in Augsburg

The 71st Division of the American Third Army has taken over, and is operating, one of the finest breweries in all of Germany (if not the world). This is the famous Hasen Brewery in Augsburg, which was founded in 1589 and has been working at brewing ever since. The Division is running it now at a rate of about 300,000 litres, or 7,500 barrels, a week, which is still not enough to take care of the thirst of all the Americans in Germany. The quality, however, makes up for the lack of quantity in some respects! About 50,000 of the troops are getting the beverages now, and more are expected to benefit when the production is expanded. The plant is under the supervision of a Lieutenant of the Division, who worked in the liquor business in New York before entering the Army; he is assisted by men who speak German and by some others who also previously worked as brewers

TWO AMERICAN TECHNICIANS CHECK SOME OF THE LARGE KETTLES used at the famous Hasen Brewery (one of the oldest in the world) in the making of fine beer for supply to the Allied troops in Bavaria

THE RECONVERSION OF GERMAN FACTORIES: German workers at the Hessia Shoe Factory at Offenbach. They are cutting out leather skins for shoe-making. Many of Germany's factories, which have hitherto been engaged on war production, are now engaged in producing leather articles, both for the American troops and for German civilians. At Offenbach, the home of leatherwork and famous the world over for fine leather craftsmanship, American soldiers are buying leather handbags, cigarette-cases and artistically-designed belts which they send home to the States

SHOES FOR GERMAN CIVILIANS being produced at the Hessia Works at Offenbach: This is only one of the tasks undertaken in this up-to-date and undamaged plant. It is now changing over from wartime to peacetime production



AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF TWO OF BRITAIN'S NEWEST AIR-LINERS—the huge Vickers Viking, which has been designed to carry twenty-one passengers; and the Avro Tudor, which is powered with four Rolls-Royce engines—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

We have heard much during recent weeks, and are possibly to hear even more in the future, concerning new peacetime air-liners under construction in the United States. But Britain, too, has aircraft specially designed for the post-war air routes of the world. Here are two of them, in flying attitudes. The Avro Tudor was designed some time ago: the Viking is a newer type. It is to be the first mass-produced aircraft in our civil aviation programme. (A photograph of this plane was published in these pages last week.) The Viking is designed to carry twenty-one passengers; it is powered with two Bristol Hercules engines of 1,675 horse-power each and has a maximum range of 1,500 miles. Her economic cruising speed is 210 miles an hour, but she is capable of 300. The makers' first consideration has been the design of an inexpensive aircraft which can be put into mass production quickly, and so a considerable number of parts used by Vickers in their Wellington twin-engined bomber have been used in the Viking. The new liner will probably be used on air routes between Britain and the Continent.

SOME OF THE NEW POST-WAR AIRCRAFT

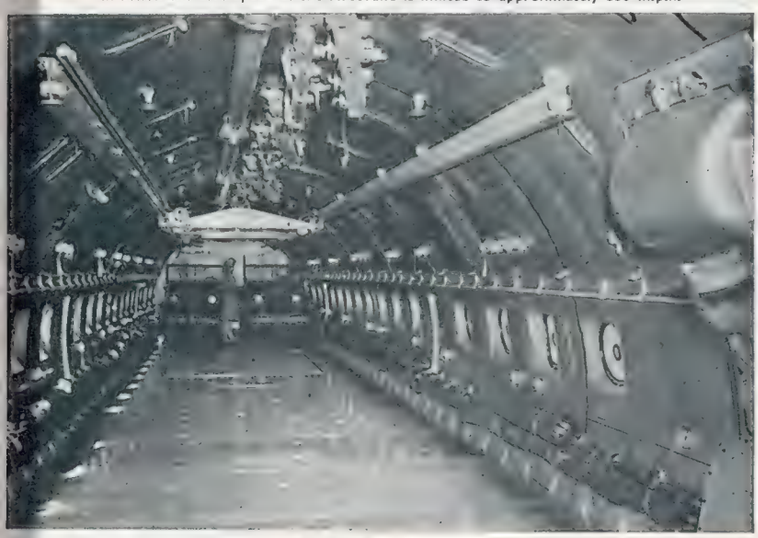
And Other Flying News Shown in Pictures

***On right*—THE SPITFIRE IN ITS FINAL FORM: a record of a wonderful aircraft which is to be produced no longer—**
A special study by Charles E. Brown

The Spitfire fought in the Battle of Britain and was still operational in large numbers when the war ended—the only fighter to achieve this record. During these years, more than twenty distinct types were produced; the speed was increased by over 100 m.p.h., and the service ceiling by 11,000 ft. Now it appears in its final form, after which no more will be produced: the Spitfires Mark XXI and XXII, which are identical except that the XXII has an improved streamline cabin-top which cuts down the air resistance, and a bubble hood which improves the pilot's rearward vision. Powered by a Rolls-Royce Griffin 61 engine of 2,050 h.p. driving a five-bladed Rotol propeller, a speed of over 450 m.p.h. is attained in this final type. Up to August 25 last, a grand total of 21,767 Spitfires and Seafires had been built. In the picture on the right, the nearest aircraft is a Spitfire XXII; the other two are XXI's

A PICTURE OF THE NAVY'S NEWEST AND MOST FORMIDABLE FIGHTER: The Firebrand IV, Britain's first torpedo-fighter, and the fastest single-engined torpedo-carrying aircraft in the world—a picture taken during trials held on board the aircraft-carrier "Illustrious" in the River Clyde

The latest aircraft to come off the secret list is one shortly to be in service with the Fleet, the Blackburn Firebrand IV. The Firebrand is probably the most versatile strike aircraft in the British Navy. In addition to carrying four cannon, it can carry a variety of attack weapons, including torpedo, bombs and rocket projectiles; but in spite of its versatility, it has a high performance and is extremely manœuvrable. Now the security ban is removed it can be said that, in spite of its heavy duties, the Firebrand has been designed for readily taking off and landing on the limited area of the carrier's flight-deck, although it is one of the largest and heaviest single-seater aircraft in service. The greatest attention has been given to the design of the controls, so that even when its speed is reduced to the minimum for landing on the deck, the Firebrand answers perfectly to the pilot's touch. Specially-designed dive-brakes are provided: with these in action the dive speed of the Firebrand is limited to approximately 350 m.p.h.



ANOTHER PEACETIME TYPE FROM AMERICA: an aeroplane for the private owner. This new plane has been constructed for private use by All-American Aircraft Inc.; it is called the Ensign, and is a two-seater, low-wing monoplane of all-metal construction. It has seats and a dashboard designed like those of a car, and it has a full-vision cockpit. In accordance with usual American practice, four attractive young women were chosen to "demonstrate" the new model

FROM AMERICA: The world's largest "box car." This is an interior view of the Douglas Globemaster, the world's largest land-based plane. An elevator, forming part of the floor, lifts the cargo into the hull of the giant craft, which weighs 77 tons and will carry 30 tons of cargo. The plane will be capable of circling the globe with only two stops for refuelling. It will travel at a speed of 300 miles per hour. At the back of this view are two jeeps carried as part of the cargo during a test flight

***On right*—HOW THE VT WAS CONQUERED, by the "radio proximity" shell which exploded right on the target. The ordinary type of "clockwork" shell often missed its objective** —*Drawing by E. G. Lambert.* In last week's issue of *The Sphere* we reproduced a series of photographs of the VT fuse fitted to shells employed against the flying bomb. The drawing given on the right supplements these photographs, by showing the manner in which fuse and shell operated by radio, as compared with the more normal "clockwork" type which frequently did not burst until the target was out of effective range. The "brain" is a fuse, a tiny radio set—transmitter, receiver and aerial all combined in the shell's nose. The clockwork fuse, used at the beginning of the war, was set to go off at a given moment, when it was predicted that the shell would be close to its target. Frequently it burst short or passed harmlessly farther on. The radio proximity fuse changed all that. If the shell passes within a certain distance of an aircraft it will explode and destroy the plane

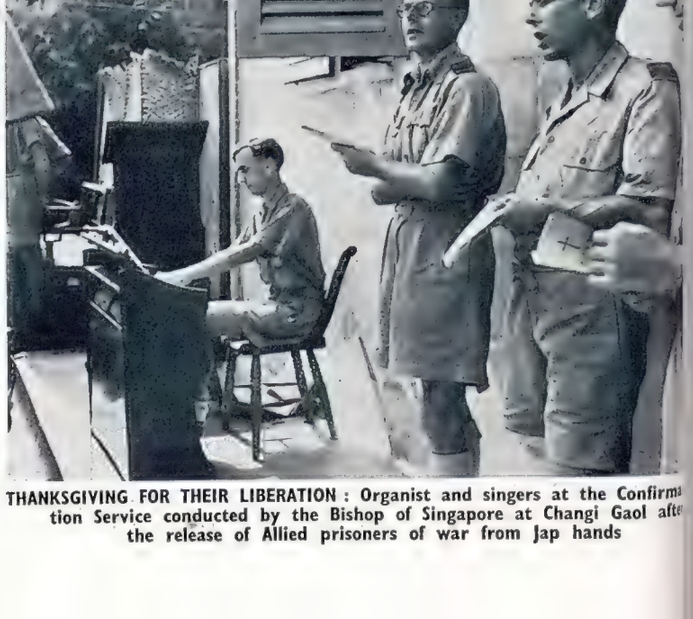
AFTER THE SURRENDER OF THE JAPS AT RABAUL: ONCE A MAIN BASE OF THE ENEMY IN THE PACIFIC, it has now been found that Rabaul "does not exist," for all practical purposes. What used to be the town area is now overgrown with jungle 20 to 30 ft. high—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

The JAPS in the PACIFIC

The Rabaul Surrender; and Other Pictures from Japanese Territory

The town of Rabaul was originally developed by the Germans, who used it as their base in the Bismarck Archipelago: during the last war it fell into our hands, and became the centre for the Government of the mandated territory. Then—in this war—the Japs invaded it, and Rabaul became one of their main Pacific bases. To-day, Rabaul hardly exists. The population of Japanese left in the area, and natives, went underground, living in miles of tunnels to escape the continuous Allied air attacks; and where the town itself stands, the jungle has grown 20 to 30 ft. high. After the Jap surrender, Captain Morris, the Australian naval officer commanding in New Guinea, made a shore inspection of Rabaul after Simpson Harbour had been cleared of mines. He at once released the British prisoners and put the remaining Jap garrison, under orders, working

THE TURNING OF THE TABLES IN SINGAPORE: Japanese soldiers are made to clear up the city. Despite protests concerning loss of "face," they have been put to work on the clearance of blast walls and surface air-raid shelters, and the filling-in of dug-outs. The Japs are working under British Guards



THANKSGIVING FOR THEIR LIBERATION: Organist and singers at the Confirmation Service conducted by the Bishop of Singapore at Changi Gaol after the release of Allied prisoners of war from Jap hands

MUNITIONS VAULTS IN THE MOUNTAINSIDE : Protected against the tons of explosives sent down by Allied bombers on the Yokosuka naval base, enemy munitions were stored in sturdy vaults carved out of the mountains. Here are some of them, overlooking the Nii Canal at the base

JAPANESE SUICIDE BOATS NEAR HONG KONG : Covered and cornered in Picnic Bay, the pilots of Japanese explosive motor-boats raise their arms in surrender as men from the British destroyers *Whirlwind* and *Quadrant* close in to investigate the base. Some of the suicide craft are seen on the beach, ready on their trolley for launching

A ONE-MAN SUBMARINE IS CAPTURED AT YOKOSUKA : It rides at anchor in the Nii Canal at the naval base. Behind is another view of the munitions vaults carved out of the hills for protection against Allied bombers

THE BASE AT PICNIC BAY IS TAKEN OVER BY MEN FROM THE DESTROYERS "WHIRLWIND" AND "QUADRANT" NEAR HONG KONG : They went through unswept minefields to investigate, and found 150 explosive suicide boats. After nearly four years in Jap hands, Hong Kong, British Crown Colony since 1842, was relieved by a Task Force from the British Pacific Fleet under the command of Rear-Admiral G. H. J. Harcourt. It had been in Japanese hands since Christmas Day, 1941. Snipers inside the dockyard had to be silenced; Jap suicide boats trying to escape were bombed by carrier-based aircraft. With the relieving warships was the hospital ship *Oxfordshire*, with hundreds of Allied internees from camps and hospitals

A JAPANESE OFFICER CAPTURED ON WAKE ISLAND : This moustachioed and bearded warrior was a member of the enemy garrison which surrendered to the Americans on September 4. He is wearing the typical "jockey cap" of the Jap armed forces

A NOVEL SIGHT—applying a "stomach pump" to an American battleship: The battleship *Pennsylvania* is here seen low in the waters of Buckner Bay at Okinawa after she had received a torpedo hit on August 12. She is being pumped to rid her of surplus Pacific water taken through the hole left by the aerial torpedo. The lines to the pumps are passed down the throats of her big guns into her interior. Her decks are a mass of pump-lines throbbing with water as she is pumped dry and readied for further action

ALLIED NAVAL MIGHT in JAPANESE WATERS

New Studies of British and American Warships in the Pacific

When the King George V-class battleship *Howe* was launched in November 1939, it was believed that this vessel had a displacement of 35,000 tons. It was only recently that her commander revealed that her actual size is 45,000 tons: apparently improvements have made her equal in size to the *Missouri*, the biggest U.S. battleship in commission. The *Howe* is, of course, armed with the new 14-in. guns, which have an effective range greater than the 15-in. weapons mounted in earlier ships. Her complement is 1,500; her cost is indicated by the fact that her armament alone cost nearly £3,000,000.

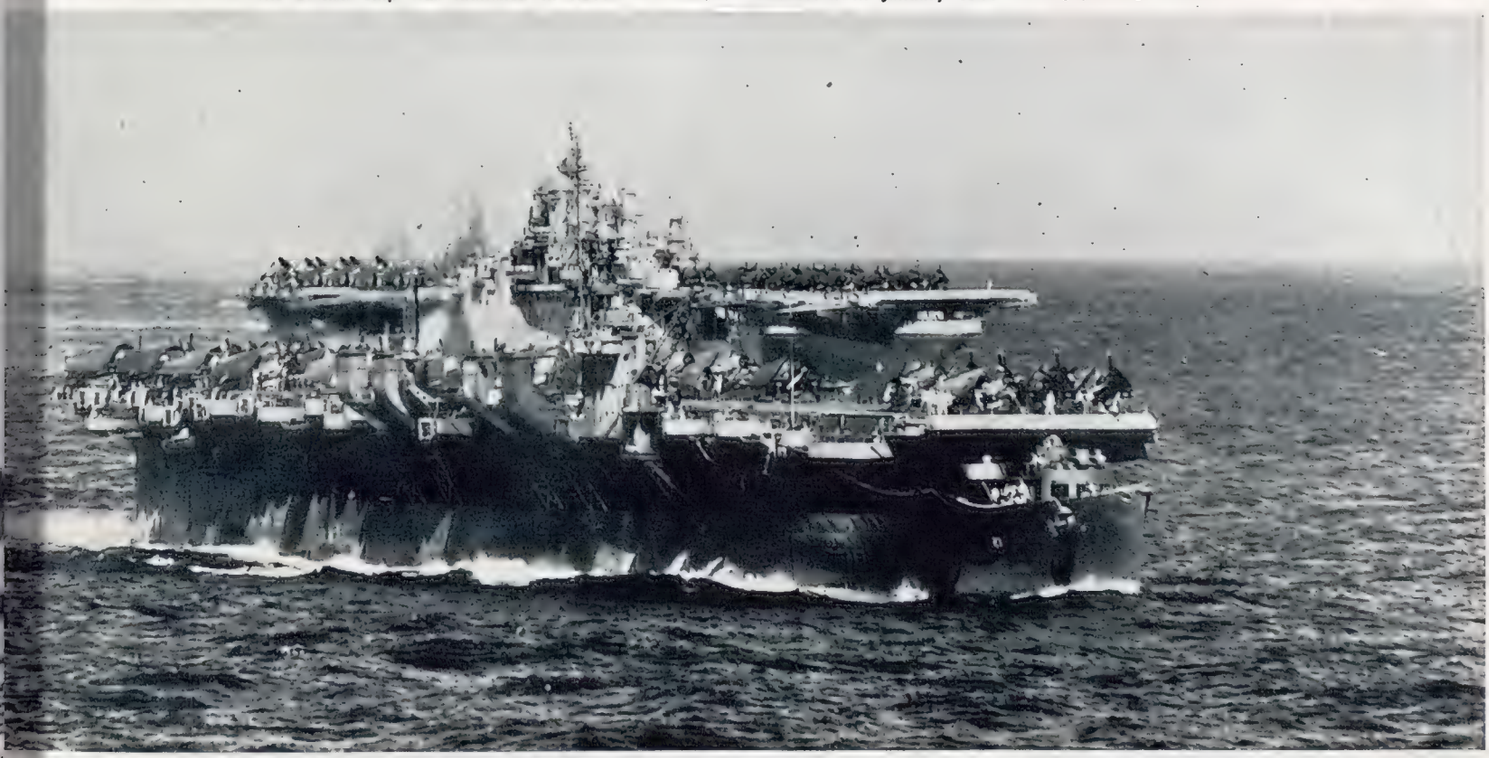
The *Missouri* is one of the six Iowa-class battleships. It was on board this vessel that the Surrender Agreement was signed by the Japs in Tokyo Bay. She was launched in January 1944. Her armament consists of 16-in. guns, with a host of smaller weapons; her complement is over 2,000. This huge and fast vessel has been officially estimated to have cost 92,000,000 dollars.

Both ships have seen service in Far Eastern waters during the closing stages of the campaign against the Japs

MAKING USE OF THE JAPANESE NAVAL BASES: The AMERICAN CRUISER "SAN DIEGO," flagship of Rear-Admiral Oscar C. Badger, docks at the Yokosuka naval base, where the Jap battleship "Nagato" was crippled by Allied bombers

During the last strike carried out at this important spot, 207 tons of bombs were cascaded down on the *Nagato*. When an inspection was carried out by Allied naval officers after the Jap surrender, she was found to be a wreck. Allied warships are now making use of the facilities found at this important Japanese shipyard, for the repair of war-scarred veterans of the war in the Far East. The *San Diego* is one of a class of six ships, each of which cost 23,000,000 dollars. She is a vessel of 6,000 tons, armed with 5-in. guns and with a complement of 650. She was launched in July 1941, and has a speed of 38 knots. She has seen considerable service in the Pacific

TWO OF THE LARGEST BATTLESHIPS IN THE WORLD—BOTH IN THE FAR EAST: ON THE LEFT IS THE "HOWE," whose size hitherto has been regarded as 35,000 tons, but which is, in reality, 45,000 tons. ON THE RIGHT IS THE AMERICAN "MISSOURI," one of the newest Iowa-class battleships, also of 45,000 tons. The British ship was launched in November 1939, the American in January 1944—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*



AN AMERICAN TASK FORCE RETURNS TO ANCHORAGE AFTER ONE OF THE LAST ACTIONS IN THE PACIFIC WAR

Five U.S. warships of Task Force 38—two aircraft-carriers and three battleships—are here moving towards their anchorage, the Ulithi atoll in the Central Pacific Caroline Islands. The Force returned from assaulting Japanese positions to receive supplies and equipment. As part of the U.S. Third Fleet, Task Force 38 has been attacking enemy shipping and aircraft as well as targets on the home islands. The Third Fleet's carrier-based planes, including about 250 British aircraft, alone destroyed or damaged 1,035 Japanese ships and small craft in the twenty-one days ending August 1, 1945. During the same period, they also accounted for 1,278 aircraft, and sank or heavily damaged 99 enemy warships

SCENES IN BOMB-SHATTERED TOKYO

Where Parts of the Japanese Capital Have Been Reduced to Heaps of Rubble

As with most of the capitals of Europe, so with the city of Tokyo. It is said that the Japs were on the point of surrender even before the launching of the atomic bomb, so shattered were many of their chief centres of production, including the capital itself. These pictures would rather seem to lend colour to that view. The desolation depicted here was, of course, only a foretaste of what the Japs would have suffered as the Allied air fleets in the Far East became augmented by heavy bombers released by the ending of the war in Europe

STRUGGLING BACK TO LIFE IN THE CENTRE OF THE CITY: This is an area quite close to the Imperial Pal It shows the devastating results of attacks by incendiary bombs. Each damaged section in Toky responsible for clearing away its own debris, and the citizens have been ordered to aid in the w Although this particular section has been badly hit, the streets have already been cleared and trolley-bus service resumed

EVEN RICE IS SCARCE IN TOKYO: Tokyo civilians are here lining up for their meagre ration in a city where food has been closely rationed since the early part of the war. Rice, once plentiful, is now in short supply; beans are almost gone. Persons living in the Tokyo area are fortunate in that the fish supply is good

THE TRAINS STILL RUN THROUGH THE RUINS: A scene at the city's main, but severely damaged, railroad station. "Saturation" fire-bombing by Super-Fortresses on the Japanese capital created the havoc

A SCENE AT THE TOKYO RAILROAD STATION: Japs in Tokyo are making great use of the railroad station these days, with most other means of transportation out of action. Note the uniforms, as in Nazi Germany

TOKYO'S "FIFTH AVENUE" IS A SHAMBLES: This is the famous Ginza district, formerly the most import shopping centre in the capital. To-day it is a mass of debris, piled high over a wide area. The fi bombs dropped by Allied aircraft burned the buildings to charred embers. Only one or two concr structures survived the holocaust

BUT STILL THE JAPS GO TO THE MOVIES: Some of them don't seem too perturbed at the thought of defeat—as witness this patient queue outside an up-to-date cinema theatre

WAITING FOR A STREET CAR IN THE RAIN: Thi a section which escaped serious damage from the bom Most of the street cars still run in this business quar

N AMAZING PICTURE OF THE "DOWN TOWN" SECTION OF THE IMPERIAL CITY: This portion was not atom-bombed. Fire from incendiaries has been responsible for all the devastation seen here. Only the most modern, fireproof structures survived. The Japs have made no effort to clean up the debris in this particular section, merely sweeping the main roads so that traffic could be maintained. Many of the buildings which still stand will probably have to be pulled down later, when time and labour permit

SOME OF THE LARGE BUSINESS PREMISES HAVE MANAGED TO SURVIVE THE GENERAL DESTRUCTION: Despite the wreckage and desolation in other neighbourhoods, this central area in the heart of Tokyo managed to escape the bombs rained down by Allied planes. The water in the foreground is part of the moat which surrounds the Emperor's palace. The street running in front of the buildings on the right-hand side of the picture is Maruno-Uchi Avenue. Elsewhere tens of thousands of houses, and large numbers of flimsy business premises, have been wiped out entirely

PICTURES FROM TWO CONTINENTS

Foreign News-Items—from Europe, and from North and South America

THE MEN WHO ARE PUTTING BRITAIN'S CASE TO AMERICA: Lord Keynes and Lord Halifax hold a Press conference in Washington. This took place on September 12 at the British Embassy. The Ambassador and the Economic Adviser to the British Treasury gave American reporters a picture of Britain's present status. Lord Halifax told the Press representatives that Britain's present economic battle is as much a world problem as the 1940 Battle of Britain was "really a battle of the world." This statement of the British case and the facts and figures brought forward in support of it have created something of a sensation throughout the United States. Also seen in the background of this picture is Mr. Harold Butler, who represents the Ministry of Information

KING LEOPOLD ARRIVES IN SWITZERLAND: Lea the hotel in St. Gallen, where he stayed c night, for Pregny, where he will live in e on October 2

ONLY A FEW PEOPLE WATCHED THE ARRIVAL OF THE KING HIS WIFE at the Hotel Hecht, in St. Gallen: The King is wearing khaki. King Leopold of Belgium, with his wife (the Princ Rethy), his four children and several members of his entourage, crosse Swiss frontier late on the night of October 1 and drove in three moto to the Hotel Hecht, in St. Gallen, where they spent the night. They ar from Salzburg, in Austria, where he had been recuperating, escorted by Fr and American troops as an official token of courtesy. The next morning proceeded to Pregny, near Geneva, where the King and his family will oc the Villa Reposoir until the Belgian political situation is clarified

BRITISH MAYORS ATTEND THE CALAIS CELEBRATIONS: Laying a wreath at the British War Cemetery; on the left is General Vannier (Canadian Ambassador to France); in centre is M. Closon (Public Commissioner of Calais); on right is Councillor W. J. Pudney (Mayor of Dover). The Mayors and Mayoresses of Dover, Canterbury and Folkestone were wildly greeted by crowds who lined the streets shouting "*Vive le British*" when they took part in the liberation of Calais celebrations on Sunday, September 30, one year after the Canadian entry into the town. The Mayors made a tour of the German long-range guns which battered the English coast during the war and placed wreaths on the Calais war memorial. In the picture on the right, taken in the Town Hall, are the following (seated, from left to right and wearing their chains of office)—the Mayor of Dover, Councillor William John Pudney; the Mayor of Folkestone, Alderman Albert Castle; and the Mayor of Canterbury, Alderman Frederick Charles Lefevre. In uniform is General Charles Vannier, Canadian Ambassador to France

THE SCENE INSIDE THE TOWN HALL AT CALAIS during the offi reception: The Mayor of the town—M. Vendroux, at t microphone—welcomes the Mayoral party from England

IE ARGENTINIANS DEMONSTRATE AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT IN BUENOS AIRES : A scene during the revolt against the military dictatorship

OSTERS AND BANNERS CARRIED BY THE DEMONSTRATORS through the streets of the Argentine capital : The above two pictures were taken on September 19 in the streets of Buenos Aires, when Argentinians, with flags and posters, demonstrated against the military dictatorship of the country. The marchers called for a return to constitutional government and free elections. The Military Government on September 26, in reply, reimposed a "state of siege," suspending most of the people's liberties. During the demonstrations, transportation was stopped, but the Argentinians used trucks to reach the capitol

VIOLENCE IN A STRIKE BY TROLLEY WORKERS IN PENNSYLVANIA : Police and pickets at the strike-bound Conestoga Transportation Company, in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, are here seen in a clash after strike pickets had overturned an automobile in which four employees of the company attempted to cross their "lines" on September 25. The strikers attempted to prevent the employees from entering the company's premises, when the police intervened

A NEW DELAYED PARACHUTE JUMP RECORD is put up by a Soviet airman : Major Vassili Romaniuk, Russian parachutist, established a new world record for a delayed parachute jump recently by jumping from 42,000 ft.—his parachute not opening until he was 2,600 ft. from the ground. The plane was piloted by the famous altitude flyer, Lieut.-Colonel Proshakov. Here Major Vassili Romaniuk is seen on the right, with his pilot on the left

THE EX-GERMAN LINER "EUROPA" REACHES NEW YORK WITH RETURNING AMERICAN SOLDIERS : Leaving the U.S. Navy tug from which this picture was made far behind, the 49,746-ton luxury liner *Europa*, former pride of the North German Lloyd Line, is here sailing up New York Harbour with 4,314 returning American soldiers The vessel was seized by U.S. naval forces at Bremerhaven last May ; she now flies the American flag and is manned by U.S. Navy personnel. It has been stated that the *Europa* is to be used by the Americans, not as a troopship, but as a North Atlantic passenger liner—whilst the two British "Queens" still continue to convey American soldiers back to the States from Europe. If this proves to be the case, it is thought that the Americans will have made a "good start" in recapturing the North Atlantic peacetime passenger traffic

AN "OIL RUSH" BEGINS IN CANADA : On one of the five new oilfields, periodical cleanings of the pipes result in flames, smoke and gas explosions like this. When a well is struck, the first oil is acidised with hydrochloric to promote the flow of oil. Since the crude oil is locked in limestone beds, chemical action is needed to release it. An accumulation of accurate sub-surface data, provided by the use of seismograph, is helping prospectors in Canada's oil industry to turn a wartime demand into a post-war oil boom. Five new oilfields have been revealed on seismic records to rival production of the vast Turner Valley production. To-day, one new oilfield alone, at Jumping Pound, 20 miles north of Turner Valley, is producing on a scale equal to the top Turner Valley production, which in 1944 contributed 84 per cent. of Canada's oil output. Oil companies—large, small and independent—are working together, as they did in wartime, to expand operations in Western Canada and to increase the Dominion's vital petroleum resources

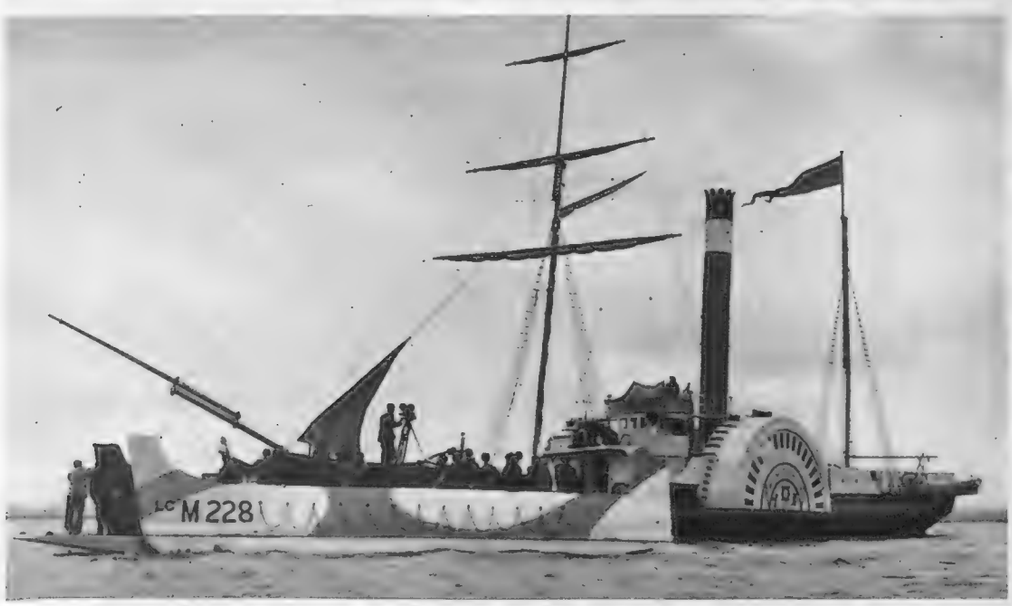
THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS VISITS BERLIN : A group picture taken after the tour of the city. Colonel the Rt. Hon. D. Clifton Brown, Speaker of the House, accompanied by Sir Ralph Verney and Mr. H. A. St. J. Saunders, flew to Berlin last month to inspect the bomb-shattered capital of Germany. Travelling with the party was Air Commodore Lord Willoughby de Broke from the Air Ministry. A visit was also made to B.A.F.O. Headquarters. Here the Speaker and members of his party are seen after their tour of Berlin. From left to right are : Colonel the Rt. Hon. D. Clifton Brown ; Air Vice-Marshal A. P. Davidson, Air Force Planning Staff ; Mr. H. A. St. J. Saunders ; Sir Ralph Verney ; Air Commodore H. W. Mermagen, Air Officer Commanding, Berlin ; Flight Lieut. Stevens, Personal Assistant to Air Vice-Marshal Davidson ; and Air Commodore Lord Willoughby de Broke, Director of Public Relations at the Air Ministry in London

WHAT'S GOING ON in ENGLAND

A Selection of Recent News-Pictures with a Home Interest

On right—Field-Marshal Alexander's children are born "bushwhackers," as seen in this picture taken when they camped on an isolated, wooded hill-top, the scene of which was altogether Canadian. Lady Margaret Alexander's scheme of upbringing has been to make her children the friends of all good citizens of every kind and class; this will probably commend her to the Canadians when her husband takes up his new appointment as Governor-General. In rain or shine, fair weather or foul, the Alexander family carry on the work of the camp. Lady Margaret uses one fire for pot and kettle; young Brian defies the adage "a watched pot never boils"; while in the background Rose washes vegetables, and Shane secures the tent-stays against the wind. Camp housekeeping needs full co-operation!

THE CAMPING ALEXANDERS PREPARE FOR THEIR RESIDE IN CANADA: Lady Margaret and her three child in their English encampment (See *note at le*



THE FILM VERSION OF CHARLES DICKENS'S NOVEL "GREAT EXPECTATIONS": A landing-craft, lent by the Admiralty to the producing company, pulls up alongside the s.s. "Empress," which has been partly transformed from a paddle-steamer to a schooner. Work has begun on the filming of the screen version of Charles Dickens's novel *Great Expectations*. In one scene an 1830 paddle-steamer was needed; the film company decided to use a war veteran, the s.s. *Empress*. This sixty-five-year-old steamer has been in the Navy since 1939. She helped in the evacuation of Dunkirk and also during D-Day operations; she also saw active service during the last war. The *Empress* has been completely transformed to meet the requirements of the film, the shooting of which has already begun on the Medway River

JOHN MILLS, AS "PIP," stokes up the fire un a dixie in the disused naval fortress on Darn Ness Island, loaned to the film company as th headquarters for the new Dickens film

SOMETHING LIKE A QUEUE: A SCENE IN NOTTINGHAM, WHEN 2,400 BOTTLES OF PRE-WAR WHISKY WERE OFFERED FOR SALE TO THE PUBLIC

A Nottingham firm has just completed a "Victory Sale" of 2,400 bottles of pre-war whisky at 35s. a bottle. The lot went in seven-and-a-half hours. It had been intended that the sale should last three days, but the "Sold out" notice went up on the first day—to the great disappointment of a long queue. Many of those who hoped to purchase a bottle brought their lunch o breakfast with them! It is stated that many of the lucky purchasers intend to keep th bottles for the Christmas season

A "MURDER CAR" AS A SIDE-SHOW AT THE BRIDGWATER FAIR: **Miss V. Hodge, who was a witness at the trial, shows where the bullets struck.** A feature of this year's Bridgwater Fair in Somerset was the car in which Mr. George Heath, a London bookmaker, was murdered by the American soldier Karl Hulten, the "cleft-chin murderer." Miss V. Hodge, the Bristol girl who gave evidence at the trial of having been knocked on the head and thrown into the Thames, sat in the car and recited her experiences to the visitors at sixpence a time.

QUEUEING UP TO SEE THE CAR AT THE FAIR: Visitors to the Somerset Fair were charged sixpence each to inspect the relic and to listen to its story

A NEW BRITISH INDUSTRY—FLAX-MAKING AT KING'S LYNN: At the Royal Flax Factory at King's Lynn, workers are busy producing fibre unsurpassed by any in the world. The experiment was begun by the late King George V: it has been developed until to-day 70 acres of the Sandringham Estate are growing flax and sixteen other factories have been opened. In the process above, the flax is seen coming out of the "scutching" mill. It is this product which is sent to the spinners. Improved strains of seed have given 50 per cent. more fibre than was previously possible

A BUNDLE OF FINISHED FLAX from the King's Lynn mill is ready for dispatch to the spindles

THE TRAVELLING POST OFFICE RUNS AGAIN on the night mail: The world's largest and fastest mail trains, devoted solely to Post Office business, began to run on the night of October 1, for the first time since 1940. The T.P.O., or Travelling Post Office, is the first step to bring post-war postal services up to pre-war efficiency. Before the war these trains travelled nearly 4,000,000 miles annually at speeds up to 80 miles an hour. In this picture, Lord Listowel (on right), Postmaster-General, and Lord Portal, Chairman of the Great Western Railway, are watching one of the sorters at his work

A MOTOR-CYCLE PACES A CYCLIST ON THE FAMOUS HERNE HILL TRACK during the first attack on a peacetime record: The first attempt to improve on peacetime cycling records has just taken place, when Harry Oxley attacked the National Cyclists Union motor-paced record for 50 miles at the Herne Hill Track. Oxley was riding a Claud Butler bicycle and was paced by W. Cavanagh: he was attacking Leon Meredith's 50 miles record, which stands at 1 hour 25 mins. 24 secs. Unfortunately, he had to retire after 34 miles, owing to the pacing machine developing engine trouble: his time for 25 miles was 43 mins. 38 secs.

HOW THE MEN ARE COMING OUT

A Second Article Dealing with the Greatest Problem of the Day—the Demobilisation of the Armed Forces

—Described by CHARLES GRAVES

DEMOBILISATION of the Royal Air Force is much simpler than that of the Army. To begin with, the numbers are very much fewer. Besides this, the Royal Air Force has, really, only three main divisions of men—aircrew, ground staff and the R.A.F. Regiment. The Army, by contrast, has gunners, sappers, infantrymen, the R.A.C., the R.A.S.C., and so on.

At the moment, Group 22 of ground staff is just returning to civilian life. It is only now, however, that aircrew are beginning to qualify for demobilisation. This is largely because the casualty rate was such that one had practically to be a professional survivor to fly for five or six years.

There are five main personnel dispersal centres. Uxbridge handles all R.A.F. officers, whether aircrew or not, based on this country. It also handles non-commissioned aircrew based on the United Kingdom, members of the R.A.F. coming back for demobilisation from the British Army of the Occupation of the Rhine, and a trickle of men from the Royal Navy who live in the London area. In the case of Uxbridge, the clothing centre is situated at Wembley, about half an hour by road. Hednesford, near Castle Bromwich, takes care of all officers and airmen, both aircrew and ground staff, from every overseas theatre of war with the exception of B.A.O.R. Kirkham, not far from Blackpool, deals with ground staff (not officers) whose homes are in the North, Scotland and Ireland. Cardington is responsible for ground staff (not officers) in the Midlands and the South. The W.A.A.F. of all ranks are demobilised separately at Wythall.

Officers and men arriving from overseas go to disembarkation points at Liverpool, Greenock, Tilbury and Poole, where they shed those items of equipment which they cannot take with them into civilian life. This process is duplicated at the parent unit of members of the R.A.F. who are stationed in this country, thus avoiding the collecting-unit system which the Army has adopted.

It would appear that the time spent at disembarkation points by men returning from overseas is somewhat longer in the R.A.F. than in the Army. After that, however, the process is just as speedy. Airmen, for example, who arrive at Uxbridge, hand in their clothing, answer the nominal roll, go to the N.A.A.F.I. to have light refreshments, and await the call. It often happens that they have only just started their first rock-cake when it is time for them to be documented.

This begins with a medical examination to make sure that they are not suffering from any illness, such as mumps, scabies or diphtheria. An average of only three men a week are detained for this reason. Thereafter, the procedure follows very closely that of the Army, with the checking of their days of leave, the issue of the Ministry of Labour cards, the removal of A.B. 64, the cash payments based on the state of each man's account. In this particular, the Royal Air Force operates differently from the Army. Even though a Warrant Officer (Class I) cannot draw more than £10 in cash on the day of his demobilisation, an airman is entitled to draw everything owing to him, in addition to his fourteen days' pay, to the nearest pound. It is true that every effort is made to persuade the men from taking everything in cash, and invariably they are persuaded to accept a draft for the major amount. The fact remains, however, that if a man wants to take the lot in cash, he can do so. One prisoner of war was actually entitled to £230 on the spot. He was, however, sensible enough to have the bulk of this posted to him. As it is, the rates of pay for fourteen days entitle an aircrew flight-sergeant to £14, while an airman can collect a tenner. The rest of the money is paid fortnightly in postal drafts.

After receiving their cash, the men draw their fourteen-day ration-card. After a final check they pass through a corridor with four or five small offices leading out of it. These are occupied by welfare officers who will answer any query that is put to them—divorce, the care of children, how to get a job, and the like. A considerable percentage of men take advantage of this. The final stage is an office where they are handed a folder, an enrolment form for the Royal Air Forces Association, a pamphlet about the Air Training Corps, and a form about their rights to reinstatement in their previous job.

As they finally emerge from the building, they are confronted with a large poster informing them that it is not too late even now to rejoin or to extend their service in the R.A.F. if they are doubtful about their post-war prospects. In spite of the fact that this has been drilled into them for days at their parent unit, at least a dozen airmen a week decide at the last minute not to take the plunge into civilian life, and to stay in uniform.

From Uxbridge the airmen are driven to Wembley. Everything is exactly the same as at Olympia, except that the Palace of Engineering itself is not quite so palatial as the Army's clothing centre, and the choice in headgear includes a soft black hat or a cap, which are not provided by the Army. In addition, R.A.F. chaplains can have correct clerical kit tailored for them. Neither here nor at Olympia are bowler-hats provided. The actual clothing is exactly the same in both Services, everything having been made by the same manufacturers.

Men of the R.A.F. do get an advantage, however, when it comes to cigarettes. They are entitled to draw not only the 320 at privilege rates for the next fifty-six days, but also those to which they have become entitled according to their overseas qualications.

It is noticeable that both officers and men of the R.A.F. are more finicky in their selection of clothes. Some of them take nearly two hours before they are satisfied. At Olympia there has seldom been a case of anyone taking more than half an hour. One might, incidentally, have thought that, having worn R.A.F. blue for years, blue would be less popular. But not a bit of it. It is the prime favourite. Brown suits are very much at a discount. The only complaints—and they are very rare—are concerned with the absence of City clothes—short black coat, waistcoat and striped trousers. Here, as at Olympia, there is no priority for officers as they are measured and fitted. At Uxbridge, as at Duke of York's Barracks, the officers are segregated from the men for documentation, simply because their papers are different, and the money owing to them is sent by cheque to their bank. Uxbridge is designed to handle 800 airmen and 200 officers a day.

Having studied the procedure of demobilisation in the two Services, one comes to the conclusion that the differences are infinitesimal, except for the apparently greater care taken by the R.A.F. in (*a*) encouraging their men to remain in the Service, and (*b*) preparing them for civilian life. The Advisory Section at the dispersal centre is excellently arranged, and the pamphlet "Release and Resettlement," issued to everyone when they are due for demobilisation, is written in good, plain English. It explains all about the release scheme, both Class A and Class B, about war gratuities, post-war credits, overseas settlements, interrupted apprenticeships and vocational training.

What is not made clear either to officers or men, is that the whole arrangements at the disembarkation ports, the personnel dispersal centres, and the clothing centres, were all planned—and indeed, were already in smooth operation—when the Conservative Party was in power. Casual questioning of men at these dispersal centres shows that they all think, not unnaturally, that the immensely-improved conditions of demobilisation compared with those of the last war, are entirely due to the Labour Party. This is a point which does not seem to have been stressed by the Conservative speakers at the various by-elections now pending.

As for the Royal Air Force Association, this is open to the W.A.A.F. as well as to the R.A.F., not to mention the old R.N.A.S. and the R.F.C. The annual membership fee, entrance fee and badge cost 7s. 6d., with 5s. a year as the annual subscription; subscription for life is 5 guineas. The objects of the Association are "to foster good fellowship, to encourage and promote social gathering amongst members; to facilitate service by members to one another; . . . to co-operate with the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund and any other organisation devoted to the welfare of ex-Air Force personnel; . . . to advise and assist members to obtain Service and other pensions, disability awards, suitable civilian employment, and upon all matters upon which they may seek advice." The Association is "democratic, non-sectarian, and not affiliated to or associated directly or indirectly with any political party or organisation."

This Association certainly deserves every encouragement, particularly in connection with its efforts to seek employment for aircrew. Their average age cannot be more than twenty-two, which means that the vast majority of them were still at school at the outbreak of war. These youngsters have no knowledge of normal employment and very little of the outside world except what they have learned during their brief periods of hectic leave. Many of them will find employment irksome and dreary after the nervy excitements of operational flying, especially when they get out of uniform and can no longer wear wings.

P.S.—Perhaps I should have made it clear last week that while other ranks have to part with their greatcoats, officers naturally keep theirs, being their own personal private property.

GOOD-BYE TO THE U.S. NAVY: Hauling down the Stars and Stripes for the last time when the last of the United States Amphibious Bases at Plymouth closed down with the ceremony of de-commissioning. Over 60,000 men have passed through the base, which played a great part in the invasion of the Continent

THE NAVY ABANDONS "SHIP": Southend Pier, parts of which were used by Naval Defence Units during the war under the name of H.M.S. *Leigh*, has now been returned to the local council. Above, the ratings are seen standing-to as Lieut.-Commander Sandles, R.N., who has been Maintenance Officer for six years, and Lieut.-Commander Whittle, R.N. (right), Defence Officer, leave the "ship." The latter, who is seventy-three, could be counted on to be among the first three at the guns when an "alert" was sounded

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THE WORK IN PROGRESS ON THE BREACH IN THE DYKE AT RAMMEKENS, EAST OF FLUSHING : Two ridges of clay are formed by the floating digger seen to the right, and sand is then pumped in to form the new dyke by the pump seen on the left. Behind is the original wall, with the beginning of the breach shown on the left. The dykes were breached in four places by the R.A.F. in the operations for the liberation of the island, the greater part of which is flooded. The work is a race against time, for if the gaps are not closed before November they cannot be closed till next summer

The SEA WALLS at WALCHEREN

How They are Being Repaired With Mulberry "Beetles"

AFTER THE RECENT GALE WHICH RAGED THROUGHOUT THE NORTH SEA, the heavy swell broke the only dyke which had been repaired : This was at Nolle, just west of Flushing. Here is a view of the wreckage of the "beetles" lying in the channel, which had been blocked but which is now open again. Note the terrific force of the water as it surges through the gap

A PONTOON, WHICH FORMED PART OF A "MULBERRY" PIER, being attached to a tug at Southampton for towing to the island of Walcheren

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE WHOLE SCENE AT RAMMEKENS, SHOWING THE BREACH IN THE ORIGINAL DYKE AND THE WORK IN PROGRESS ON THE NEW WALL : The work is being carried out by Dutch engineers, using British materials from the now-unwanted "Mulberry" Harbours

The first great gap in the dykes flooding the ancient man-made island of Walcheren was sealed towards the end of August, months ahead of schedule. This gap is known as Nolle Break, because it lies near Fort Nolle, to the west of Flushing. It was blocked by the use of eighteen concrete "beetles" that a year ago were serving in the British "Mulberry" system of docks off Normandy. Unfortunately, after the recent gale in the North Sea, this dyke was again broken, and work on the wall must again be resumed. It is expected that with the use of about 100 more "beetles" the remaining three breaks in the walls of Walcheren can be closed before the winter storms. "Beetles" was the name given to the pontoons which were built and used, to the number of several thousands, to support the floating roadways of "Mulberry" Harbours. The name arose because the shape of these pontoons suggested a water-beetle. The concrete ones were 41 ft. long, 15 ft. wide and 10 ft. deep. The work is being carried out by Dutch engineers. All now depends on the weather. If the breaks are not sealed before the winter comes, it will probably mean that farming could not be in full swing again until 1950

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

WIT AND SATIRE WITH THE VICTORIANS

Social History Without Tears; Capri in Peacetime; The Bronx at Its Funniest; Gerald Kersh's New Novel; The Future of Farming

I HAVE long thought that no one author had more good, clean fun in the composition of his work than Mr. C. E. Vulliamy, whose chronicles of mythical families are such very good jokes, and at the same time so alive with accurate historical research. It seems almost too much good fortune that books written with what is clearly such enjoyment should also be successful sellers, as I feel quite sure they are.

The present volume is **EDWIN AND ELEANOR** (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.), and purports to be extracts from the family papers of the Bryhdol-Packing family between the years of 1854 and 1856. The two principal characters revealed are a rich and good-looking young couple who dabble in a rather offensively dilettante way with the arts, writing bad novels, painting lamentable pictures and, in Edwin's case, coaxing lugubrious sounds out of a bassoon.

A RUSTIC SIGHT IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE: Pipes made to measure, by the roadside. Making cherry-wood pipes by the roadside is the spare-time occupation of Mr. Pressland, a smallholder near Kemble, Glos. Mr. Pressland, who is an ex-Serviceman, started to make pipes to meet the shortage among Servicemen stationed near by, and as he only charges 2s. 6d. for a pipe that takes two hours to make, he does not do the work on a commercial scale. Servicemen order the style of pipe they want and it is ready for them a few hours later. The cherry-wood for the bowls is available on the spot

Their own journals, and the letters of their family and friends, discussing them, are the chief sources of their story, in which Eleanor is shown as at first in love with her husband, and then having an infatuation for a friend of his. Edwin, in his turn, falls under the spell of his friend's wife and, being apparently rather more than impressionable, falls in love at the same time with his wife's sister and with a notorious patroness of the arts.

All these affairs move to a single climax, with which Mr. Vulliamy deals very deftly, but it is their progress and not their dramatic quality that is the real value of the book. Not just the couple themselves, profoundly frivolous but outwardly sanctimonious, form the chief interest, but a host of, as it were, supporting characters; old servants, lecherous curates, worldly uncles and doom-preaching fathers make up the entire picture.

And then, as always with this writer, there is the background of genuine social investigation, the records of the real events of the times in which the preposterous creatures are living. The Crimean campaign is presented here with admirable clarity. Wit and scholarship are a precious blend in writing, and one that Mr. Vulliamy has mastered.

It takes an able novelist to write unflaggingly for a hundred and thirty-six pages of a collection of human beings who are separately and collectively more than a little repellent *and* to persuade the reader to follow him paragraph by paragraph through this exercise. Mr. Gerald Kersh is such a writer, but it is not necessarily to his credit that he has strained critical good will so far.

THE WEAK AND THE STRONG (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is the story of a group of people in a luxury hotel on a volcanic isle in the Pacific. The construction is familiar: a few hours in the lives of widely diversified characters, brought together by some physical calamity. (Wasn't there a book once called *The 'Bridge of San Luis Rey'?*) The title I take to be satiric, since there is no one admirable person in the whole scope of the story.

Among the hotel guests, for instance, there is one Ruby Brogan, a rich and unhealthily fat racketeer, and his pal Mike, an admitted murderer; Lord Hullington, whose interests are, in equal proportions, drugs and antiques; a spectacular girl called Ritz; Hromka, a famous composer who has written himself out and is waiting, with some resignation, for death; the rich Miss de Ham, daughter of a millionaire laundry proprietor; the Rev. Bushy-Jones, a hypocritical parson; Dr. Toulouse, who has made his money from abortions and is consequently rather a nervous type; a Russian prince and his curiously ubiquitous servant, and a professor of science who is searching for rare butterflies.

Their only common denominator is money. Some of them can command it, some aspire to it, some simply have a touching faith in its universal power. During an expedition which most of them undertake through sheer boredom, they are trapped in a cave by a landslide.

To distract themselves, or perhaps because they are already distracted, they play the game of Truth, and each confesses to the most intimate sins of their lives. Thus, the prince and the servant are revealed as impostors, each having taken the other's place. The Englishman tells his obvious and sordid story, and the composer confesses that his great masterpiece has never been written, in fact. Their release into the fresh air—by this time the reader may be feeling a little claustrophobic too—comes as something of an anti-climax.

Just because this is written by Mr. Kersh, it is tolerably readable, but it is only a thin and very flashy show beside such solid and excellent earlier work as *The Nine Lives of Bill Nelson.*

I suppose that only the very smallest proportion of English readers have ever visited the New York Bronx, and yet many more than that limited number are going to enjoy a genuine Bronx saga, **PARM ME** (Constable. 10s.), which has just appeared in this country. Very few of us, after all, know Cunninghame Grahame's South America, or Freya Stark's Arabia, or Stuart Cloete's Transvaal: familiarity is not a pre-requisite here. And there is no reason why an eye and an ear that can cope with Yorkshire and Cumberland dialects shouldn't master the intricacies of the Bronxian speech.

Mr. Arthur Kober is the author of many *New Yorker* pieces, and for the last five years has been in Hollywood "writing talking pictures," as we are primly informed. Both are exacting schools, and there is nothing slap-dash about the construction of the present little tales, which chiefly concern the domestic life of Pa and Ma Gross and the love-life, or lack of it, of their daughter Bella. "What is with our Bella? Such a nice girl can't catch a fine, steady boy who knows how to put by a dolleh?"

The types are a magnificent assortment, and you will find that, after all, it is only their diction that appears strange; we might all recognise the young man who kept the girl "on tender hooks," though there is something a little exotic about the lady who cries, "Like a Pomm Bitch suit, is so white by him the face!"

A writer working by a rule of thumb would be a fairly dull circumstance, and Mr. Johan Fabricius, in a very simple but delightful little novel, shows exactly how to avoid the danger, for he has taken an over-novelised setting, a period that seems deader to most of us than George the Fourth's, a number of people belonging to a currently unpopular race, and has made something very entertaining out of thoroughly unpromising material. Any critical wiseacre might have discouraged him beforehand, and with a certain amount of justification, **HOTEL VESUVIUS** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) proves that any C.W. would have been wrong.

The scene is Capri in August 1939. The owners of one of the smaller *albergos* are much distressed at the departure of their Scottish guest, who has been with them for twelve years and who is only leaving now because war is inevitable. In a rage, the stalwart Bartole smashes his fist through a portrait of Hitler which his wife had secretly bought to placate Axis visitors on *kraft durch freude* tours.

Here all the trouble begins, as they are both more than a little afraid of another of their lodgers, an idle, sponging youth who never pays his bill but intimidates them with his Fascist Party uniform. His chief source of income, in fact, comes from the fair, fat women who come in on the tourist ships.

The whole story is concerned with his small machinations and with the innkeepers' increasing nervousness. In its own way it is quite as effective as a more grandiloquent piece of political reasoning, and a very great deal easier to read.

In the same series as the book on education that I reviewed here two or three weeks ago is **AGRICULTURE TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW** (Michael Joseph. 8s. 6d.). This, too, is the publication of a series of addresses, given by experts, before the Royal Society of Arts.

THE BEST-TURNED-OUT TEAM IN SOUTH BUCKS: Judy (on left) and Jill with Mr. J. Uzzell. This champion pair have just won the Best Turned-Out Team prize at the Royal South Bucks Agricultural Association's 102nd ploughing match held at Mr. A. J. Major's farm. They are owned by Mr. F. A. Barker, of Riding Court Farm, Datchet, and are under the care of Mr. J. Uzzell. Since 1944 the team has taken the following prizes: Three championships, including the Royal Windsor Horse Show 1944; seventeen first prizes; five seconds; five thirds in shows held in Berkshire, Buckinghamshire, Surrey and Hampshire. They are twelve years old and do a full day's work throughout the year

Land reclamation, a matter, it always seems to me, of far more than specialised interest alone, is treated by Major Proby, and his opening sentence I think particularly worthy of quotation, perhaps because it reflects my own views so nearly. "When the agricultural history of the present war comes to be written," he says, "perhaps the most arresting incident will be the story of land reclamation . . . a landmark and a portent."

Other chapters, or addresses, deal with the maintenance of soil fertility, machinery in modern farming, research, market gardening, agricultural surveys and five or six other equally significant aspects of farming.

The whole volume is an excellent attempt to give that picture of English agriculture to-day as it really is, and as it hopes to continue.

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Drawn by Boye Uden

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" Here's to thee, old apple tree
Whence thou may'st bud, and whence thou may'st blow?
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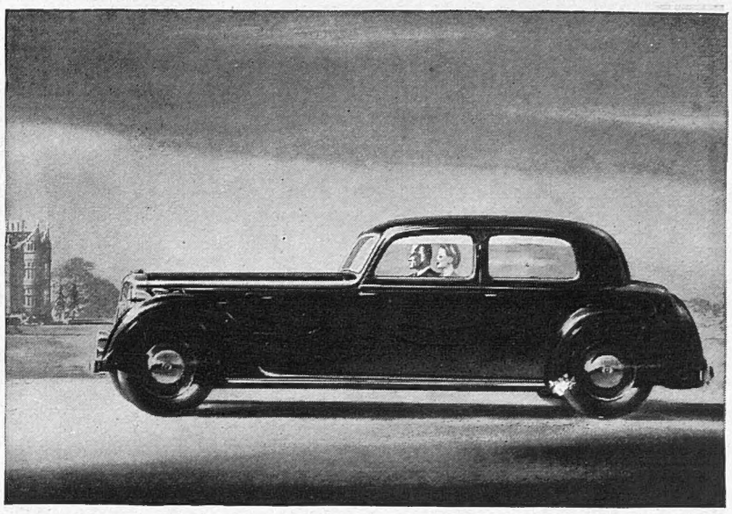

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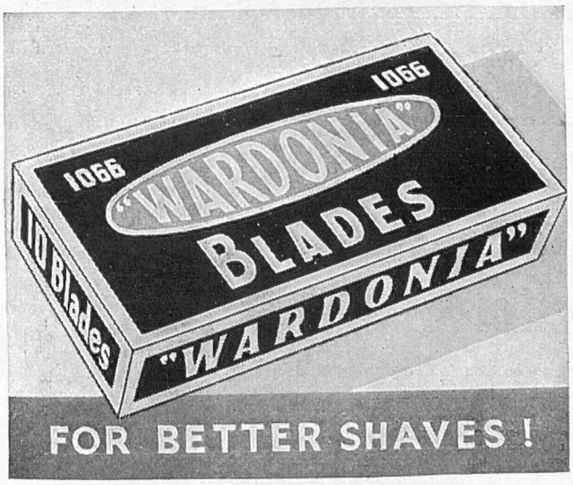

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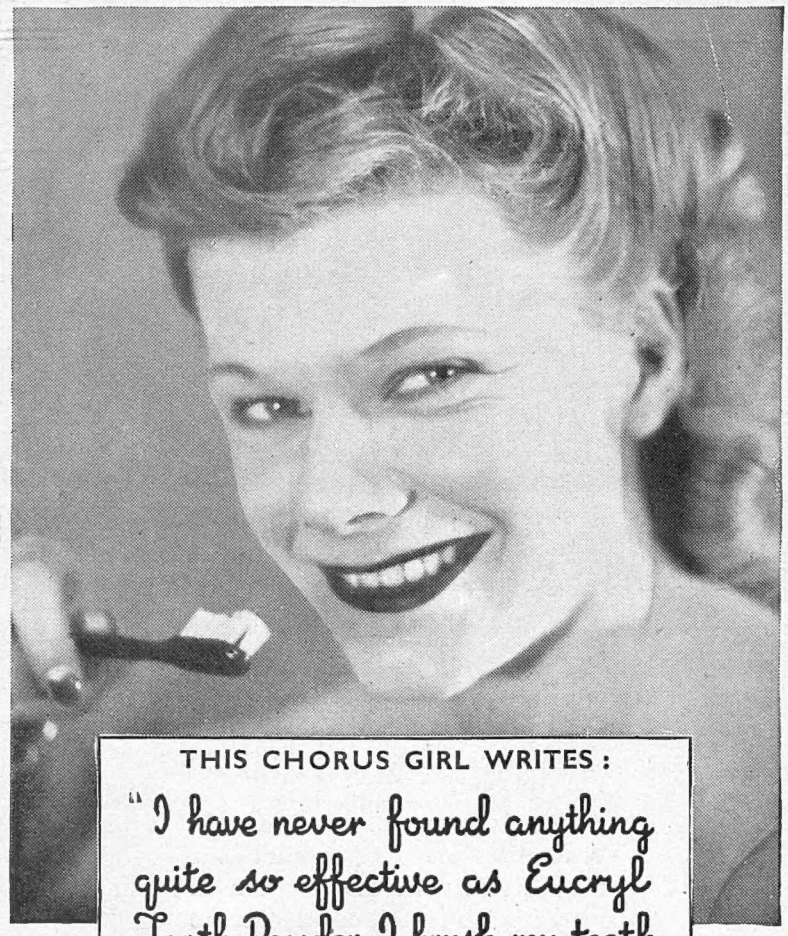

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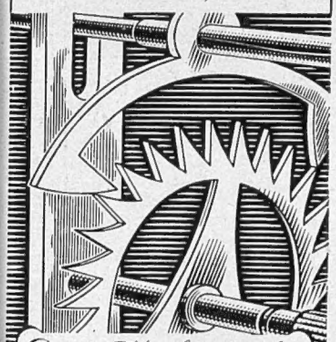

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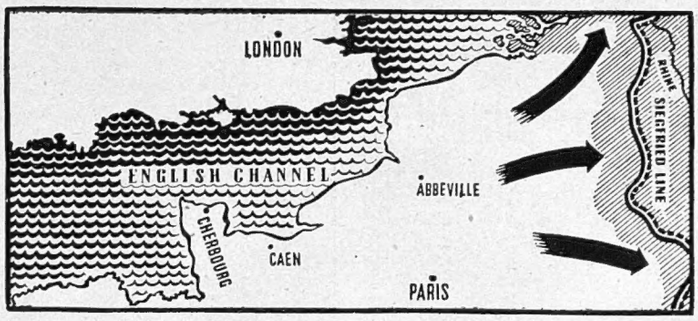

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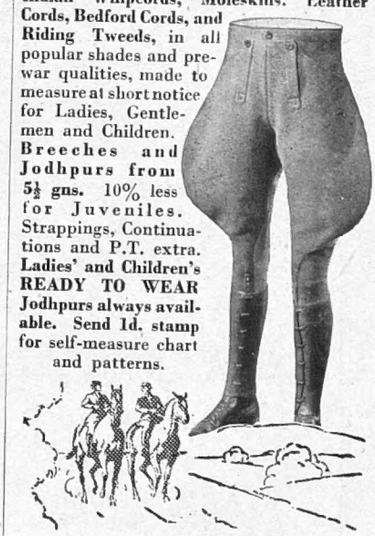

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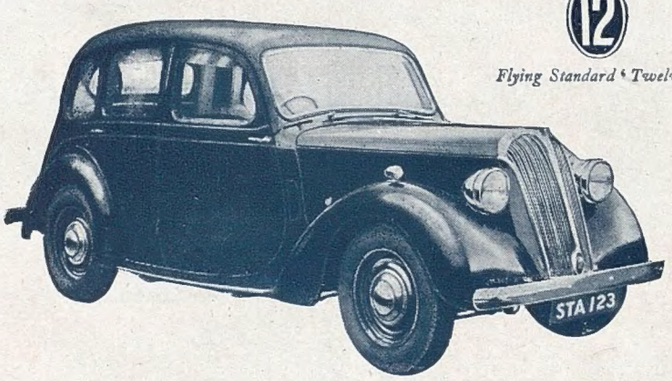

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